6 AUGUST 1966 2s 6d

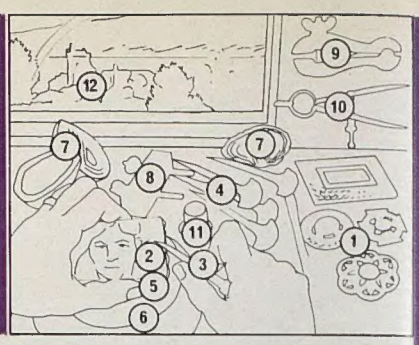
london life

HOW TO MAKE SAILORS CARE

(At Cowes this week, for instance)

PLUS FULL GUIDE TO WHAT'S ON IN LONDON

THE CELTIC JEWELLER



IN THE BUSTLING TOWN of Inverness, capital of the Highlands, John Fraser is carrying on the honourable tradition of craftsmen in silver. Address: John Fraser, 51 Castle Street, Inverness. (Shell Touring Map No. 8 from your Shell dealer.) Through the long and turbulent history of the Scottish clan country, clansmen greatly valued silver as an embellishment to their Highland garb, whether as kilt pin, plaid brooch (examples of which can be seen in **1**), belt buckle or dirk haft ornament.

After serving seven and a half years apprenticeship to one of the leading jewellers of Inverness, John started on his own account in Castle Street under the shadow of historic Inverness Castle. True to his Highland name, he had made a study of Celtic art and craft through the ages and his lectures on this subject are popular in many parts of the Highlands.

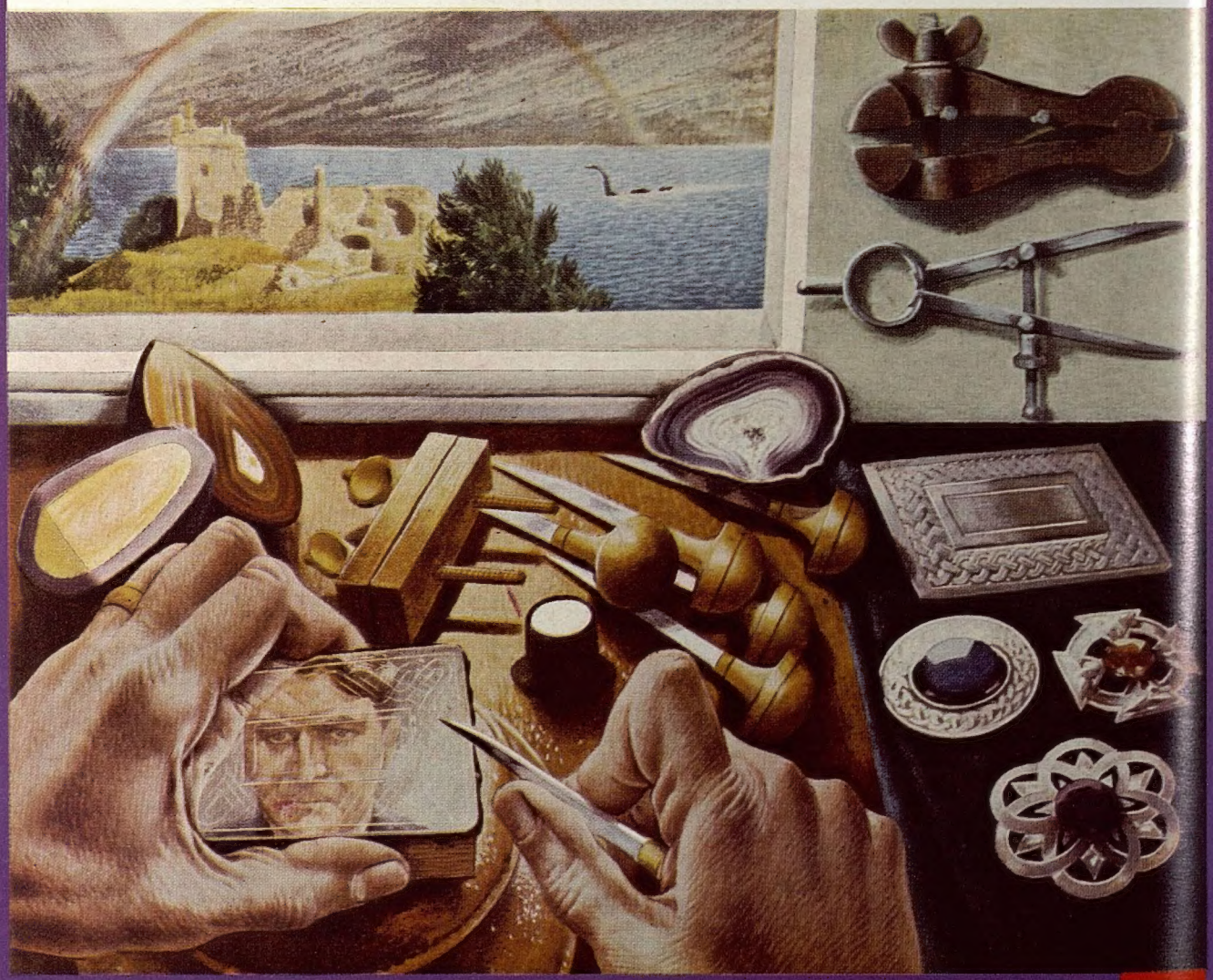
In his tiny workshop in a part of Inverness which has changed little since the '45 Rebellion, John carried out his intricate work. The illustration shows him meticulously engraving the lid of a silver cigarette box **2** using one of his sharp pointed 'gravers' or engraving tools **3** and **4**. His work is set up on a wooden block **5** and is raised to a comfortable working height on leather sandbags **6**. Much of his work is set with agate, pieces of which can be seen ready in **7** for slicing. Apart from a few hand tools such as soldering irons, hand vices **8** and **9**, scribing compasses **10** and a watchmaker's eye-glass for fine engraving **11**, John relies entirely on his own skill.

Although engravers in silver are scarce today and can command high wages in the South, John prefers to remain in his own town where the majesty of mountains and loch help him to acquire the frame of mind necessary to produce new designs in this ancient medium. (Castle Urquhart on the shores of Loch Ness near the picturesque village of Drumnadrochit is shown in **12**.)

Amongst the bens and glens of the Scottish Highlands many traditional crafts are still plied. Why not write for a list to the Scottish Country Industries Development Trust, 27 Walker Street, Edinburgh 3.

Also, the free monthly leaflet '*Go Shell,*' covering local events and information in your area, is available from your Shell station.

Illustration : Barry Driscoll



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SHELL

LONDON LIFE

Editor Ian Howard. **Pictures Executive** Jeremy Banks. **Copy Editor** Colin Bell. **Art Editor** Tony Page. **Production Editor** Patrick Brangwyn

INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Another branch of sport catches attention this week – as the reverberations of the World Cup series die down – and that is boxing. Brian London meets Muhammad Ali at Earls Court on Saturday to contest the World Heavyweight Championship. Experts feel that London has a potent chance to demolish Muhammad Ali – or Cassius Clay as he is still generally called. On pages 11 to 13 *London Life* examines these chances in detail, plus exclusive photographs of the burly London in training. On Thursday the Eighth British Empire and Commonwealth Games will be opened in Kingston, Jamaica, by the Duke of Edinburgh. Temperatures will be around 80 in the shade mark, and on page 36 *London Life* looks at Britain's entrants, their competitors, and assesses their chances under these unfamiliar conditions. Cowes Week continues, the 750 Motor Club meets at Silverstone on Saturday and Battle of Britain celebrations begin.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

Peter Akehurst took the cover picture of London Life's *fashion voyage – by submarine – to show off clothes that can make sailors (even these at Cowes) care. Page 27*

Sybil, ex-wife of Richard Burton, and her husband, Jordan Christopher, who is 12 years her junior, talk frankly, heart-warmingly, about their life and love. Page 20

Can Brian London become our first World Heavyweight Champion this century? His chances against Cassius Clay at Earls Court this Saturday are assessed on page 11

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Festival Ballet

Balletomanes may feel the ending of the Royal Ballet season at Covent Garden is not quite the end of the world, as they can see Manuela Vargas giving her authentic Flamenco at the Prince of Wales, and on Wednesday London's Festival Ballet swings into action at the Royal Festival Hall. It is a particularly interesting season this year with Jack Carter's full-length *Swan Lake* décored by John *(Camelot)* Truscott. Observers say this is the best version of *Swan Lake* in the world: Britain hasn't seen it yet, though Europe has.

Apart from the National Theatre taking over the Queen's on Shaftesbury Avenue, it's a quiet week in the straight theatre.

Steal a Million

Week by week the great cinema stars reappear in glossy vehicles. This week it is Audrey Hepburn's turn, and she turns up at the Carlton, Haymarket in *How to Steal a Million Dollars and Live Happily Ever After* as a professional art thief.

She is teamed with Peter O'Toole. Hugh Griffith and Charles Boyer also appear.

Ever had a Missionary's Downfall?—
Ever eaten Pago Pago Chicken?—
Lead the lush life at the Beachcomber!—

Things to watch for:
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(Sunday 7-10.30).

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

Geoffrey Hughes is looking for people to confront **David Frost** in a series of Rediffusion television interviews. **Anthea Coveney,** model, carries her latest companion under her arm wherever she goes . . . a tiny dog six inches from nose to tail. **Dame Edith Evans** couldn't sustain a Scots accent throughout her latest film "The Whisperers" . . . so the setting was changed to a Northern town. **Tom Jones** is sunning himself in the South of France while his latest record, "This and That," bursts forth. **Brigadier Sir John Smythe** VC, cat expert and former MP, has been elected President of the Victoria and George Cross Association in succession to **Sir Winston Churchill. Lady Harmer** claims a wayward carrion crow is zooming about over her flat in Lincoln's Inn. **Ivor Newton,** pianist, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Music . . . at the age of 72. **Frank Sinatra,** it is said, wants to change the role of his son to daughter in his latest film "The Naked Runner" – so that **Mia Farrow,** his new wife, can play the part. **Peter Bartlett** has just recorded **Charlie Chaplin's** autobiography for blind listeners.

Noel Chanan, who edited *Matador,* the controversial BBC film on bull-fighting, has just returned to London from Venice to start work on a film about cartoonist Gerald Scarfe. Chanan, who started in television with *Tonight*, and moved on to edit such productions as Malcolm

Muggeridge's *The American Way of Sex*, now has his own company, Filmline Ltd. The Scarfe documentary, which is to be shot on locations including the offices of *Private Eye* and the *Daily Mail,* will take a month to complete, and is due to appear first on German television. Chanan and Scarfe met, and formulated the idea, while both were working on the end-titles for *The American Way of Sex.*

Mrs Mary Wilson, Miss Thora Hird and Miss Audrey Slaughter will be the speakers at this year's Women of the Year Luncheon at the Savoy on 10 October.

A Piccadilly electrical shop is offering radios powered by the sun. Should there not be enough sun to keep their batteries charged, they can, of course, be plugged into the mains.

Toc H, which was started in a house at Poperinghe, Belgium, during the First World War, has invited 17 teenage citizens of Poperinghe to London for a week later this month. The visitors will stay in one of the Toc H buildings on Tower Hill from 24 to 30 August, and among the other outings arranged for them is a Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane.

Mr Samuel Sheppard, chairman of the City Corporation's Epping Forest Committee, is trying to prevent the 6,000-acre forest from becoming a "museum of trees surrounded by a sea of mortar, bricks and concrete" by making it impossible for the Government or anyone else to acquire forest land without the sanction of Parliament.

Press information from a theatrical PRO: "Typographical errors in copy [of a previous release]. 8th line, Jack Barker should read Jack Carter. 2nd page, Irene Borowska should read Irine Borowska. Harold Lander should read Harald Lander. David Linchine should read David Lichine."

St Paul's Choir School, being built at the East end of the Cathedral, is once again running short of cash. In 1956 the Cathedral Trust set aside £150,000 to cover the cost; by May 1962 the estimate had risen to £192,000. Now it is said the eventual cost will be nearer £300,000 – and a board has just gone up on the site seeking donations totalling £75,000.

Harriet Turton has been executive editor of *The Masters,* the new weekly art magazine presented by Knowledge Publications, since last October. She works under the editor, Sir John Rothenstein, and

often has to take over when he is away. The 50th issue will be published on 16 September. It will be about Picasso, and is written by Sir Roland Penrose. "The magazine has fulfilled our highest hopes," she says.

The Shaw Society has just celebrated its silver jubilee with a 25th birthday number of *The Shavian* and two pilgrimages to the dramatist's cottage at Ayot St Lawrence. Founded on Shaw's 85th birthday in 1941, the society now has 400 members. But, as *The Shavian* admits in an editorial, "the central figure himself was sceptical of the value or desirability of forming such a society."

Jessie Matthews, in between being Mrs Dale and rehearsing her new musical, is taking time on 23 August to deliver a talk at St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside – part of their series of "lunchtime dialogues" which has previously featured Malcolm Muggeridge, Barbara Kelly and Yehudi Menuhin.

As if the Sitar weren't enough, one Chelsea boutique is now doing a roaring trade in Pakistani clothing. Mini-saris?

The Reverend John Stott, Rector of All Souls, Langham Place, and one of the Queen's Chaplains, plans a three-week trip to New Zealand this month. The official reason for his visit is to take part in the Church Missionary Society's two "spring schools." But he is looking forward to spending a week on lonely Hen Island off the east coast of New Zealand. The bachelor clergyman is an ardent ornithologist, and Hen Island is a mecca for enthusiastic bird-watchers. He expects to return to London with a fine collection of bird photographs to show his parishioners.

The Hampstead Heath and Old Hampstead Protection Society are to restore the old toll house at Hampstead Lane and Spaniards Road. When they have finished, the GLC will take over the maintenance for an estimated £50 a year. Motorists have long wanted the toll house pulled down, but the GLC view is that it has "virtues as a familiar landmark – a charming obstruction to speeding vehicles."

Barbara Paone, who arrived in London with her husband Peter last April, has been appointed an art director at Clifford Buxham and Partners, the advertising agency. "London is ideal situated as a centre of communication

between Europe and America," says Barbara, who was formerly an art director in Philadelphia. Her husband is a painter and, having had two exhibitions in America, he is hoping to have an exhibition in London soon. "We came here three years ago for one week and loved it. We felt that this is a place where we can both work and earn."

Commander W E May of the National Maritime Museum is advertising in the *Law Society Gazette* to beg solicitors to remind their clients at deaths and removals to look out for old Naval uniforms and documents. Commander May is a firm believer in the power of the Press – a previous advertisement in Hampshire papers yielded a rare specimen of the Navy's original "bluejacket."

Cino del Duca, French magazine tycoon – *Paris Jour, Modes de Paris* – **was in London last week for the World Cup. His wife Simonne, less interested in football than in racehorses, spent her time shopping around English stables for new additions to her string of 125.**

SMILE PLEASE . . .

"Please smile now,". Queen Sirikit of Thailand seemed to be saying as she coaxed her youngest daughter, nine-year-old Princess Chulabhorn, into a winsome pose for the cameras. But the resulting picture (below) showed she could not yet achieve the gentle smile with which Queen Sirikit has conquered London. Princess Chulabhorn, like her mother, wore a Thai silk suit for this photo call at the Maharajah of Jaipur's house at Sunninghill, Berkshire, where the Thai Royal Family are spending a 10-week private visit. She is the shyest of the three Thai princesses and according to Queen Sirikit is not too fond of her lessons and often squabbles with her sister, 11-year-old Princess Sirindhorn. Queen Sirikit's daughters go to a special school in the grounds of the Chitralada Palace in Bangkok. But Queen Sirikit thinks it possible that one day Princess Chulabhorn may go to an English girls' school. And by then, no doubt, she will have her mother's lovely smile.

. . . LIKE THIS

HOW RAMSEY DID IT

by Billy Wright

On behalf of every football fan who has ever doubted Alf Ramsey's own quiet confidence, Billy Wright apologises to this calm, determined man who has shaped a side without unique talents into a world-beating team. In his final World Cup report for LONDON LIFE, Wright tells something of this enigmatic man who has steered England back to the summit.

AT last we're back where we ought to be – on top! It may sound like jingoism, just as some foreign critics thought the Wembley crowd on Saturday sounded like a Nuremburg Rally, but I can't apologise for feeling proud, triumphant, and just a bit relieved. From a shaky start three weeks ago against the massively tedious Uruguayans, the England side has marched more and more impressively through each game until we stand, after 13 years, deservedly astride the football world.

Alf Ramsey, England's right-back on the day when Hungary first exposed our self-confidence as misplaced, has methodically created a football team against which no other side could ever feel confident. In common with every other critic and spectator of English football, I have had my disagreements with Alf: during the tournament itself, I have argued with him on television, criticised his team in this column. Right now, along with everyone else, I have to bow to Alf's own standards: judge me by results, he said. So what can one say except, "Well done, Alf–and I'm sorry if I sometimes doubted you?" Alf is a strange, reserved man. I have known him for nearly 20 years, and even on the field – even when Czibor of Hungary was beating him time and again – he has always exuded calm, control, seriousness. As a player, he had a marvellous ability to read the game, and to remember his tactical role whatever the pressure. Off the field, no more flamboyantly than on it, he talked football with those he respected as fellow-professionals, and talked it more thoughtfully than almost any other player I've known.

© London Life, 1966.

'The General'

Now, he is a players' manager: in the game, he's what we call a track-suit manager. The public have never seen, nor will they ever see, anything but flashes of the real Ramsey. He only lets down the guard in the company of his players, and with them he is once more "the General" he used to be at White Hart Lane – analysing, anticipating, encouraging, planning, prompting.

His choice of players over the last three years has often been criticised. But his achievement deserves to be measured not only in terms of the trophy we shall hold at least until 1970 – but in terms of the universal respect Alf commands among not just 11 English footballers, but among

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The Prime Minister congratulating England's undoubted Importer of the Year – Alf Ramsey, the man who won £30,000 worth of Gold Cup.

the 50 or so who have been tried and assessed by him in his single-minded campaign to win the Cup.

Alfredo di Stefano, one of the giants of football, talked to me last week – after the semi-final, but before the final – about the England side. "You haven't any outstanding brilliant ball-players in your side," he said. "But you have magnificent team-spirit. No one plays for himself – they all play for the team. And the defence is the best organised I've seen for a long, long time."

Confidence

That is Alf's achievement: by winning the confidence of players – and other club managers, who were eager to help Alf's preparation in any way – he has fashioned an England squad which exudes confidence in itself, and in which every man trusts those around him. His players, once they have proved to Alf that they are worth trusting, can count on his total support and understanding. One bad game, whatever the critics might say, wouldn't affect Alf unless he felt the player hadn't tried, or had been big-headed.

And so, having watched the way Alf's team operated throughout the World Cup, I now suspect that they could have won if half the first team had been injured – because every man Ramsey thought worthy of a place in his 22 would have done what Ramsey and England expected, or died in the attempt.

In the past, only the old Brazil have equalled the intensity of England's preparation – and its concentration on the long-term aim, not the short-term impression. What in fact has happened is that Ramsey has elevated our international side, which has had its share of contempt and mockery over the past decade or so, to the status of our League sides – the best of whom are on a level with the best club sides anywhere in the world.

He has transformed the national side from a coach-party of individual stars who met half a dozen times a year into a club.

Alf himself, of course, except when he thought that one of his lads was being unfairly hounded, has always refused to single out individuals for praise. I'm free to ignore that particular precept of management, and say that Bobby Moore is not only the player of the side, but gets my vote as outstanding player of the tournament. He, Jack Charlton and Gordon Banks turned in six games out of six in which one could not find serious fault. And he commanded his team as coolly and wisely as Alf might himself have done.

Gordon Banks, of course, has been in a strange position this past three weeks: as far as the rest of the world is concerned, he is only approached by Lev Yashin at some giddy summit of goal-keeping brilliance. For those of us who watch English football most of the time, Gordon is merely the hairsbreadth best of six or seven excellent keepers. He has had a superb World Cup.

But it is possible England would have had a harder fight on their hands if Alf had been prepared to lend some of the other sides Ron Springett, Peter Bonetti, Alex Stepney, Tony Waiters – because it has been all too evident that whatever England lacks in stars of the Pele and Eusebio class, we are the only country in the world where goal-keepers merit the full confidence of their defences.

The Player of the Tournament, England's Outstanding Player, Captain of England – and for Mrs Bobby Moore, it's her husband back again after a month's brilliant work.

Pictures by STEPHEN GOLDBLATT

The tragedy

No, the only tragedy of it all is that after this tremendous effort, the team will now disperse to their various League clubs, and they, and we on the terraces, will have to adjust to a lower pitch of emotional tension. Some of this year's conquerors must be doubtful for 1970; but others will be matured, and some of the youngsters who just missed this squad will by then be at peak performance.

If Alf Ramsey resists the lavish offers from all over the world he can now expect, and sticks with England, I think that we can be even more convincing champions in Mexico than we have been at Wembley – and nothing could more effectively rebut the sour grapes coming from South America than for us to triumph in their own backyard.

If we could not only keep Alf, but ship over the new-model Wembley crowd, then *nothing* could stop us!

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

By RODNEY BURBECK

A shy MP from Wales

Into London on a wave of delighted cries of "yachi dar" came Mr Gwynfor Evans, the man who shocked the Government by winning Carmarthen for Plaid Cymru, the Welsh Nationalist Party.

The hard work of being an MP then began and I tackled Mr Evans at the House of Commons to see how a Nationalist fares in London. "I prefer," he said, with just a hint of sing-song accent, "the quiet of country life. I am a bit of a country bumpkin, and I don't know my way about, so I am tending to make blunders and offend against customs.

"For instance, I went out before the end of a debate in which I made my maiden speech, and I addressed the House as 'you.' However, I hope to atone and I am being shown a great deal of friendship from both Labour and Conservative MPs."

Mr Evans, I discovered, is none too happy about having to leave his market-garden in Llangadog for the corridors of Westminster. He is, of course, delighted that many Welsh people have shown support for his policy. "But being in this place is the price one has to pay. Politically, I am very happy to be here, but, personally, I would rather not be here. You see, I am a very shy sort of person. I felt a bit of a fool making my maiden speech."

Mr Evans has no desire to settle in London. He is living, temporarily cushioned from the dreaded English, at a hotel in Paddington owned by Welsh people.

Fans have long memories

Alice Faye arrived and the customs officer did a double-take look at her passport and said: "I *thought* that was your name." Fans have long memories – Miss Faye, screen star of the 'thirties, has not been seen in London for 10 years. She is here on a vacation after making a brief stay in Paris. "Didn't like it," she said, wrinkling her nose. "I much prefer London."

She returned to the screen four years ago in a film called *State Fair* after 12 years "in retirement." It is a film she prefers to forget. "It was horrible," she told me at the Savoy. "Everything was so different: people were cold; there were none of my friends on the set. All the fun seemed to have gone out of film making. Anyway, it turned out all wrong and I'm sorry now that I did it. Sure I'd like to make another film, but they do tend to forget about you."

Producers may forget, but fans certainly do not. "I still get letters from people who remember me from years ago," she told me in a husky voice. "They are very proud of me. Even young people come up to me and say that their daddies have told them all about me."

Miss Faye's first film, George White's *Scandals*, was in 1934 – according to the reference books. "'Thirty-nine or '38 – or was it '36?" according to Miss Faye.

Alice Faye is spending her time in London visiting all the big shops. She said she went to Burnaby Street ("You mean Carnaby Street," I said). "Didn't dig it," she added.

Ballerina and the swan

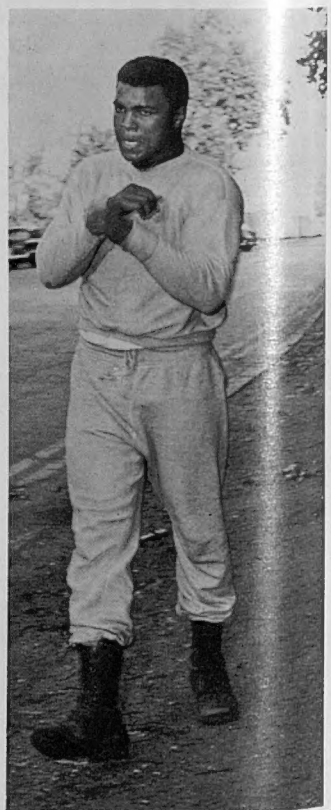
Mlle Magdalena Popa flew in from Bucharest and was greeted with an unusual bouquet – gladioli and carnations in a vase the shape of a swan. Rather an obvious gift when you discover that Mlle Popa has come to London to dance Odette, the White Swan, in a new version of *Swan Lake* by Jack Carter.

Prima ballerina Magdalena, from the Rumanian Opera and Ballet Theatre of Bucharest, is here to be guest artist with London's Festival Ballet in their forthcoming season at the Royal Festival Hall. The 25-year-old ballerina first began studying dancing when she was six years old. A few years later she was recommended for tutelage in Leningrad.

Since then she has achieved fame at the Kirov Theatre in Leningrad, and at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. Three years ago she made a triumphant début in Italy.

This is the first time she will have danced in Britain, and she arrived in London unable to express any great impression of the city owing to a complete lack of English. But the swan bouquet, presented by London's Festival Ballet administrator, Donald Albery, brought a gratified smile.

Cassius Clay's London



Muhammad Ali, alias Cassius Clay, arrived and promptly went to the top of the Post Office Tower for breakfast in a dinner-suit. The breakfast was the idea of his host, promoter Jack Solomons. Muhammad Ali was slightly put out that Brian London was not there to meet him – he was hoping to size up his opponent over ham and eggs.

London, however, preferred to breakfast at his home in Blackpool and wait for the weigh-in before meeting Clay.

The champ checked in to the Cumberland Hotel, which he finds convenient for early-morning runs in Hyde Park. Muhammad Ali says that he likes coming here. "I love London," he said. The city – not the boxer.

Brian London will be the fifth man to challenge Clay for the World Heavyweight title he has held for two and a half years when they step into the ring at Earls Court on Saturday. For London's opinion of Clay and an assessment of his chances, see page 13.

Countess looks for action

Countess Betsy von Furstenburg arrived looking for action. Apparently she found it because she has vowed to return again more permanently. The Countess came from Madrid, where rumours were beginning to filter through that London was . . . er, swinging. A phone call to her friend, American film producer Jean Lee Donnelly in Mayfair, and she was winging in to London to join the pendulum. The Countess is one of the Austrian family of von Furstenburgs and a cousin of Princess von Furstenburg.

Jean Lee Donnelly introduced her to the frenetics of *discothèques* like Dolly's, the food of the White House, and the gambling of the Pair of Shoes, where we took this picture.

The Countess, Broadway actress (she appeared there in *Mary Mary*), was riveted by London life and decided that after visits to Hollywood and New York for television appearances she would return and perhaps even settle here. Especially as there could be a part for her in a film that Miss Donnelly is planning to produce in the autumn with location filming in the Austrian Alps.

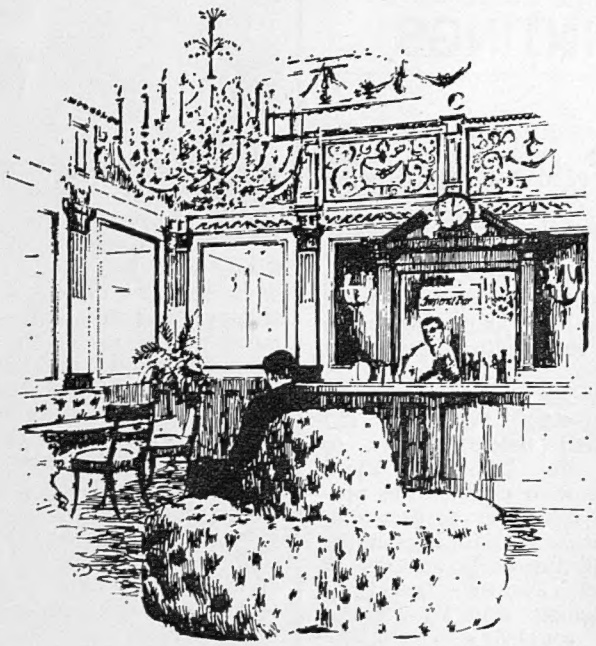
"It is called," says Miss Donnelly inscrutably, *"Five and Seven Makes Eleven."*

Mermaid—for the Museum

Finally I present a visitor to London to shatter any romantic illusions about mermaids. This is a mermaid (*above*). It arrived last week at Roland Ward's, the Kentish Town taxidermists, where it will be stuffed and prepared for display at the British Museum.

This one was netted by two Bahraini fishermen out catching giant shrimp. The Museum, by the way, refer to the mermaid as a dugong or sea-cow. It is an air-breathing mammal and the sight of it suckling its young started mariners' legends.

SCOTT'S



offers a traditional and authentic Edwardian atmosphere of elite comfort and provides the highest quality food, immaculately cooked and presented in attractive and congenial surroundings—befitting to the life of London.

Fashionable settings include the recently opened Imperial Bar—the ideal rendezvous for meeting that special friend—and for the ladies a charming new powder room—the last word in grace and elegance.

The smoked salmon, chicken and crab sandwiches, filled to capacity and accompanied with a glass of wine or an enjoyable cocktail, forms the perfect answer for a quick and delicious light meal.

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For reservations telephone GER 7175

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SCOTT'S OF PICCADILLY

DIMBLEBY FUND SWELLED BY PAINTINGS

The Richard Dimbleby Cancer Fund stands today at £147,000 and is growing with every post. Schools, colleges, Rotary Clubs, many anonymous donations (including one of £5,000), and even an old age pensioner's book of stamps have helped to create this outstanding memorial fund.

Now an attractive painter, 28-year-old Pamela Till *(pictured below)*, hopes to swell the Dimbleby Fund coffers with part of the proceeds from her forthcoming exhibition of paintings to be held in the early autumn in London. Pamela's paintings are already well known and much sought after among private buyers in the Home Counties. Now, with a further 80 portraits, landscapes and still-lifes painted on a recent European tour, even more art fanciers will have the opportunity of "investing in a Till."

Pamela Till, who lost her mother shortly after Mr Dimbleby's death, with the same illness, is already recognised as one of the leading young Engish women painters. She lives and works in Surrey.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

MISS Winifred Sainer has no official title, shares a small flat in Upper Grosvenor Street with her sister, thinks of herself as a typical woman shopper, and probably wields more power than any other businesswoman in London. She is, in fact, the woman behind the new-look Selfridges and personal assistant to Charles Clore.

"My job here," she says, "is to translate into action and develop the ideas that Mr Clore has. People often think of him simply as a financier. In fact, he takes an interest in, and frequency inspires, a large part of the creative side of his retail businesses."

Miss Sainer, whose brother is the deputy chairman of Charles Clore's Empire, is probably closer to Charles Clore than anybody else. As I sat talking to her in her unassuming executive office, I asked her: "How close?" She put her fingers to her lips and then pointed at the wall. The inner sanctum was right next door. The rest of our conversation was just a little inhibited. It was just as if Big Brother was watching.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Sainer has been in her present job for the last eight months, but this is what is technically known as a return engagement. She worked as assistant to Mr Clore previously from 1953-1960. Looking nervously at the closed door behind me, I whispered: "Why did you leave?"

She lowered her voice only fractionally: "I had a slipped disc, but in fact I was then on the retail shoe side and it was all running very smoothly. I felt there was no challenge any more. In order to have satisfaction in my work I have got to have emergencies." I gathered from the way that she said it that there was absolutely no problem about remaining happy at the moment.

As a woman in a man's world, she is certainly someone to fear. She started life as a secretary in Peter Jones and within five years she was the assistant general manager. She then took a breather. After her first stay with Charles Clore she took a breather and then returned as the managing director of one of Britain's leading blouse manufacturers. Then another rest, two years of travel and now back to the grindstone.

"I always like leisure in principle, but in practice it does not seem to work." And that was how we got back to emergencies – like turning the whole of Selfridges upside-down by the middle of September. "We have got to have a style and a handwriting of our own," said Miss Sainer. I have a sneaking suspicion that Gordon Selfridge, one of the greatest gamblers the world has ever known, would have approved of Miss Sainer.

The Duke of Rutland, in an indirect sort of way, has gone into the film business. He has rented Belvoir Castle to an Italian film company for £2,000 for 10 days. That, of course, does not include the extras. Every time they borrow any of the family heirlooms as props, additional expenses go in. Five members of the company are staying at the castle, including Princess Ira Furstenburg, whose film début it is.

"We need every penny we can get for the upkeep. It is like a bottomless pit," he said. "When they rang me up and asked me if they could rent the place, I was quite frank. I told them it was just a matter of L S D.

Paddy Hopkirk, one of Britain's top rally drivers, bought a four-seater settee and two chairs from Uniflex for his flat in Peterborough. When they arrived they were too big to get in the hall and up the stairs. There was nothing to be done, so he has sold the flat and is now looking for a house in London with a large hall and an enormous staircase.

I went to a dinner-party this week given by the Persian Ambassador, Mr Ardeshir Zahedi, for the Moroccan Prince Moulay Abdullah. It was a star-studded evening. Among the guests were Evelyn Rothschild, Mark and Lady Annabel Birley, Paul Getty, Lord Milford Haven and many of London's most beautiful women, including Virginia Lyon and Mrs Peter Blond. Mr Zahedi took the party seriously as usual. He took off his tie, unbuttoned his shirt and proceeded to kiss every woman in the room. It was a great exercise in Anglo-Persian relations.

DOUBLE FIRST

Since I believe I am the only person to have scored 50 for both sides, I feel I should report an omission from the *Daily Express* last Monday week. The previous Saturday the editorial match between the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail* cricket teams had taken place, and for the first time the result was not printed by the *Express*. The *Mail* won by 23 runs – also for the first time.

Foreign currency restrictions must mean an increase in overseas sterling area holidays. I understand that Charles Forte is about to sign a deal giving him control of the two largest hotels in Malta.

Dominic Elwes, whose careers have been varied, to put it mildly, has now set up in the real estate business in Spain.

On the day that the Prime Minister announced the new restrictions on our economy in the House of Commons, 15 Labour members visited the Aspro-Nicholas factory at Slough. Before they sat down to lunch, the managing director of Nicholas Products Ltd, Mr Robin Rigby, insisted on saying grace. "For what we are about to receive," he said, "both before and after lunch . . ." I hope everyone was satisfied.

I'm really not a monster . . .

Brian London, who fights for the World Heavyweight title on Saturday, has suffered from misunderstanding by some of the public. "They think of me as a nasty, vicious individual," he said at his Blackpool training camp. His reply to such charges ("I'm not a monster. I'm quite a sound man, fighting for something for my wife and family"), and his chances against Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) are reported overleaf by MICHAEL VESTEY.

Pictures by JOHN KELLY

Can Brian London win by 'bulldozing strength'?

A GLOVED cannonball-sized fist pounds the punchbag. Harder and with feeling it smacks canvas. Through depleted breath come grunts of "Got yer Clay!" and "Get down!" Twinkling feet dancing crazily on wooden boards. "One-two! One-two-three!" into the canvas again.

This is Brian London in training for the World Heavyweight Championship fight against Muhammad Ali, alias Cassius Clay, at Earls Court on Saturday. This is Brian London, wishing the punchbag were Clay; and it might as well be the flesh, blood and wit (in that order) of Clay, for the determination behind these blows.

Cassius Clay, however, hits back; perhaps the reason for the gruelling, masochistic training routine Britain's man from Blackpool is subjecting himself to. You don't need a boxing match to understand the basic, raw principles on which the fight game exists. If you had been watching Brian London train (that's him in the centre of the picture on the left) at Pontin's holiday camp, a short distance from Blackpool's Golden Mile, the real message would have seeped in.

He's the hero

Brian London is preparing as he has never done before. Awed holidaymakers giraffe their necks to glimpse his muscle-fitness schedule. He is a great draw, a change from the contrived glitter of this northern resort. He is the hero of the moment, a Briton who may be tops in the world after Saturday.

But what is Brian London? Bellicose, tough, recalcitrant, a fighter; these and many more. He is certainly the most controversial boxer to have fought in this country for years. London himself feels he is misunderstood – a common enough complaint from personalities in the public eye.

"I'm not a monster," he says, wiping sweat from his dripping face. "People in London have the wrong idea of me. They think of me as a nasty, vicious individual. Really, I'm quite a sound man, fighting for something for my wife and family. "If I leave the fight game I can always go back to labouring. It's probably the only job I can do. People think I'm going to become a bum, like several other boxers. I'll show them.

"I am 31 years old – and I feel 20."

Private suite

Pontin's have erected a special gymnasium, boxing ring and shower-room for London and several of his entourage have at their disposal Mr Fred Pontin's own private suite at the camp. "We are very fond of Brian," explains Mr Pawlowski. "He often comes here and judges beauty competitions and raffles. Because he is so popular, already 6,000 people have come to see him train."

Incredibly, London's inflammable temperament has not been goaded by Clay's usual diatribe against opponents. Beneath the frenetic veneer of show-business-like boxing he quietly thinks that Clay is "really a pleasant chap if a bit boastful."

This is putting it rather delicately, not normally London's disposition. Boxers rarely mince words, especially this one. People are saying that it is a new, reticent Brian London who has emerged from 10 years of tempestuous professional boxing. It could be, of course, that the prospect of going 15 rounds with Cassius Clay is more than sobering.

It seems only a short time ago that angry spectators invaded the ring after his bitter Prescott fight in 1964. In the uproar following his surprise defeat, London floored a man who went rushing up to his corner. The British Boxing Board held an inquiry into the decision and the ugly scenes that resulted.

And remember the Dick Richardson episodes? London went on record as saying: "I don't want to use Teddy-boy language by saying 'I'll bash the daylight out of him,' but that's what I mean. For I can't stand the sight of the character. I meant to 'murder him' in a sporting way at Porthcawl last week. . . ."

At Porthcawl in 1960 London retired in the 8th round of his brawl of a European heavyweight title fight against Richardson. His purse was withheld for a short while.

London's promoter, Jack Solomons, had something to say on his charge. "Brian has earned more than enough this year from boxing. He is going into the world championship fighting for his country – and the world. It is more prestige than anything at the moment.

"Brian regards Clay as a good, intelligent fellow. He has beaten most of his opponents by frightening them. Brian has a better chance than any other heavyweight in the world. Henry Cooper is an intelligent boxer but it was a foregone conclusion he would retire with cuts."

What tactics is London going to adopt? Says Solomons, the wise old oracle of boxing: "Brian will use his usual bulldozing strength. This is his main strategy – he is so immensely strong."

With only a few days to go to the fulfilment of Brian London's dream, Pontin's has become tense. This is accentuated by the tremendous affection locals and visitors have for their prodigal son. As he jogs through his daily seven-mile run people stop to wave and wish him luck. He reads the newspaper accounts of Clay besporting himself around the West End, training at a seemingly amiable pace in comparison.

The intensity

London is building himself gradually but with abnormal intensity. His brother, Jack London, also a boxer, is on hand to protect. He has three sparring partners, one of whom is Ron Gray, brother of Billy Gray, who is sparring for Cassius Clay.

The whole training programme bears a Clay emphasis. How does Clay jab? How fast does he move? Tactics, tactics, tactics. If hard work has its just reward, London's strength should earth Clay's lightning.

The World Title fight starts at 10.10 pm at the Earls Court Stadium on Saturday, 6 August. Doors open at 6.30. Supporting bouts begin at 8 pm. Earls Court takes 18,600 people. Prices: 4gns, 6gns, 10gns, 15gns and 20gns. Tickets can be obtained from Jack Solomons Promotions, 41 Great Windmill Street, London, W1 (GER 9195-6).

HOW TO BECOME TOP OF THE POPS

A year ago Douglas Gibbons was an office boy. Today, as pop singer Thane Russal (above) he has hit the top of the charts in Australia and has a £1,000 a week contract. ROGER BAKER explains how it happened, and provides an intriguing comment on the whole pop scene.

MORE than 500 pop records are flooded on to an already overcrowded market each week. No more than a fraction of these achieve a place in the Top 20 most popular discs in any given week. When this does happen it can mean money, fame, success for the singers, musicians, agents, managers, publicists and girlfriends.

When it doesn't it means a broken-down station wagon, much scrawled upon and driven all over the country from dance hall to town hall on the demoralising tour of tenth-on-the-bill one-night stands.

There are two reasons for the gigantic output of records. One is the extremely narrow gap between artist and audience. The lad on the stage is probably the same age, has the some sort of background, the same education, the same advantages as the lad in the audience. So he knows he could do just as well. Another is the gigantic profits to be made from a good-selling record. Managers and agents flourish therefore, each sure he can take a rough, inexperienced youth and transform him into a Mick Jagger, a Paul Jones or a Herman.

Sales figures

It is possible for a powerful manager to buy his record in (the charts are constructed on sales figures; one man may find it worthwhile to buy several thousand copies at various shops, thus raising the prestige of that record). The disc must be played on commercial radio – and currently there are murmurs of scandal, suggestions that certain people will and do accept payola on behalf of certain records.

At the same time the major recording companies are eager to have a successful string of pop singers on their books. The greatest boast the record industry ever had was the arrival of The Beatles; not only did they revive sagging interest in the pop scene, but the sales of their discs reverberated throughout the entire industry and by implication helped the classical recording side along – massive financial benefits from the pop side enable a company to spend more on serious music.

The problem for the people who wish to produce a pop record is basically how to create the finished package. A good artist is not enough, a good song is not enough. Everything has to be rolled up into the record; everything is of importance – sound, presentation, publicity.

Bearing all this in mind, Jeremy Banks of *London Life*, who felt he had a flair both for spotting talent and for music decided to take up the challenge and prove that he could do just as well as more experienced, more powerful concerns. So he created a record. It did no business whatsoever in this country. And he felt it was a failure. However the Australian teenager felt differently and bought the litle disc in quantity enough to raise it to the top of the Australian hit parade. "This just proves to me that the pop business is sheer luck. All you need is a basic flair for music and some money to invest," he says.

Not only has Banks escalated a 19-year-old inexperienced office boy to the top down under, but got the record moving up the charts in other countries and got him signed up for a summer season at Rome's biggest, most swinging night-club – The Piper, described by *The Times* as "Il locale piu alla moda in Italia." The boy is called Thane Russal. "He is a big, big success in Italy," says Banks, "and has been signed up for a year at £1,000 a week by his agent, Harold Davison. Every Italian journal is writing about him. Australia is crazy about him."

A year ago Thane Russal was Douglas Gibbons, a discontended lad knocking about Andrew Oldham's office. He had been contracted by Oldham but the few records he had made under his own name had been resounding flops. His only visible asset was his face, called "a cross between Mick Jagger and Rudolf Nureyev." Says Banks: "When I met him I recognised this visual potential at once. I thought I could make him into a hit if he was given the right sort of build-up – you know, good publicity, a decent number to sing and exciting photography and so on. I convinced him I was a good record producer – I had got *Little Children* for Billy J Kramer to record – so we went in for this thing seriously."

So a slightly sceptical Doug Gibbons became a slightly imperious Thane Russal. "We chose this name because Doug knows that he is good looking and Thane has aristocratic overtones. So has Russell – but we spelt it like that just to be different."

More than the name was discussed, however. Slowly the whole image for Thane was built up. "We thought about the length of his hair, his weight even and, of course, his clothes. I wanted him to look very elegant and beautiful so we chose lace and frills; not effeminate stuff, but straightforwardly elegant – the reverse of the Rolling Stones image in fact. I knew what I wanted him to sound like – the sort of rock 'n' roll Elvis Presley type of thing, though Thane himself wanted to do a big solo ballad. I invested some £2,000 in the boy and people said I was a raving madman."

Then came the major problem – what to record. Eventually Thane's wish for a big ballad was overruled when they discovered a number called *Security*, a rock song with a heavy beat. "I remembered last year's biggest hit was the Stones' *Satisfaction*. This new title would provide a mental link. So I went in on my own bat and with my own money."

In Australia

But the disc didn't sell. The President of CBS, Ken Glancy, liked the record though and promised to try and get it released in other countries to see if they would appreciate the sound, and it went on sale in Australia.

"At this point," says Banks, "I forgot about it. It was a flop. All I knew was that I'd lost my £2,000."

Then the tide turned and fan letters started to come in from Australia. The record was riding high down there, over the Beatles and the Stones. At the same time, Thane auditioned for the Italian night-club spot and caught a contract for £250 a week. "I couldn't believe it," says Banks.

Two more records are planned – another single and an LP. This time the money will come from the record company.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DREAMING

Damond Hill: Five-year-old son of racing driver Graham Hill, has a recurring dream that he is a policeman. If dreams are any indication of what the future holds, he certainly won't be following in his father's footsteps.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DREAMING

Continued

Madame Luba: Russian owner of Luba's Bistro in Yeomans Row, dreamt that she opened a real Russian nightclub with wild Gypsies playing their soulful violin music and performing their wonderful dances.

Barbara Rueb: Niece of Gra Rueb, the Dutch sculptress, and personal assistant to Albert Koski in London, dreamt that she was a bullfighter in Spain. It was a nightmare, she said, because she was doing very badly and the crowd was in an uproar. She woke up just as she had tripped and fallen on her cape, with the bull thundering towards her.

Charlotte Lucas: Daughter of Timothy Lucas, director of Concrete Ltd, dreamt that her fiancé, racing-car driver Chris Irwin, won the Monte Carlo Grand Prix.

Akbar Hydari: Chairman of the Swedish Match Company, and a direct descendant of the Mogul Emperor Akbar the Great of India, who built the Taj Mahal. Dreamt he was driving through a railway crossing when the red gates in front closed and blocked his way. He went to reverse, but found the gates behind had closed as well and to his horror saw a passenger train approaching rapidly. Frantically, he tried to attract the attention of the signalman, who didn't appear to be very interested at all. Next he tried to get out of his car, only to find the door was jammed . . . and only seconds before the train crashed into the car did he manage to scramble out to safety.

Monny Curzon: Works for the Samaritans and adores flying. He dreamt that he had endless time to spare and was flying leisurely around the world in a small aeroplane by himself, touching down at all the most exotic and wonderful places.

Mrs Michael Pertwee: Wife of the scriptwriter, has a recurring nightmare that she was born 10 years later and forced to marry a "with it" man with long hair and that she had to dress accordingly in short skirt, cropped hair and dangle earrings. Mrs Pertwee says she always puts up a fight, and wakes up to have a quick check on her husband just to make sure it *was* only a dream, before she can go back to sleep.

Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs: Had a wonderful dream that she was sitting quietly on a golden beach when suddenly she was surrounded by galloping white horses that raced along the water's edge and then vanished into thin air.

Tim Murdoch: Trainee public relations officer and son of Richard Murdoch the actor, dreamt he lived on a tropical island with clear blue waters, white sands, palm trees and inhabited only by beautiful native girls, who fed him and brought him coconuts and sea-shells.

Pandie Howie: Works for Robert Morrison's discotheque. Dreamt she was walking in a garden and picked a huge flower – and found that it was full of jewellery!

Angela Ince

I AM delighted to hear that some estate agents are going to band together and produce a code of rules "of conduct and competence designed to secure the best service for the public." It is now just about a year since I have had any dealings with an estate agent, but not long enough to soothe the nightmares.

Admittedly most estate agents do a difficult job with patience and courtesy. Admittedly most people either buying or selling a house behave with all the level-headedness, clear-mindedness and calm of a horse being led back into a burning stable. And admittedly, most estate agents may well be lovable, kindly friends to all. But there are still enough of the other kind around to make me shudder reminiscently as I glance through the properties for sale pages in the Sunday newspapers. It's high time for some rules, I'd say, and here are some I'd like to see incorporated in the code:

RULE 1: Just because I walk into your elegant premises in an old mackintosh and a pair of flat shoes, your staff must not instantly assume that there's nothing on their books I could possibly afford. It's just on the cards that I may urgently want a house in Avenue Road at £60,000 and *like* wearing an old mackintosh and flat shoes.

RULE 2: When I humbly state my requirements in that husky, apologetic voice that we are all reduced to in estate agents' offices, your representative should not throw himself back in his chair, raise his eyebrows and tell me that you haven't had anything like *that* on your books since 1934. Nor must he tell me I won't get anything at *that* price farther in than Clapham or East Mimms.

RULE 3: When I have left my list of requirements with you and gone away again, please keep a firm hand on whoever it is sends out details of property on your books. It is infuriating, when you are looking for a three-bedroomed house in Central London at around £14,000, to open a fat, exciting envelope and find it contains details of five properties: A, a Georgian manor in Hertfordshire with six acres of garden (inc. paddock, outhouses and heated swimming pool) and two gardeners' cottages; B, a row of three houses in Vauxhall, ripe for development and Needing Money Spent; C, a Victorian source of income in Beckenham, subdivided into five flats, four of which are let to controlled tenants at 27s 6d a week; D, a house in Avenue Road at £60,000 (save that for that woman in a mackintosh and flat shoes I was telling you about earlier); and E, a three-bedroomed house in Central London for £14,000, with Sold stamped across it in red.

Keys, please!

RULE 4: When you tell me that your representative will meet me at the property at 10.45 on Wednesday morning with the keys, just see that he has the keys with him, that's all.

RULE 5: Do not, if I have a house to sell, say gloomily, "Of course, no one's buying houses now, you know." And contrariwise, do not, if I want to buy a house, say gloomily: "Of course, no one's selling houses now, you know." When I go into my butcher's he does not say, "Of course no one's selling legs of lamb these days." Of course people are buying and selling houses, and it's your business to put them in touch with each other.

RULE 6: Therefore, if Client X is on your books wishing to sell a five-bedroomed house with a garden for £13,000, and Client A is on your books wishing to buy a five-bedroomed house with a garden for £13,000, you will put them in contact with each other, not, as I sometimes suspect, do your not inconsiderable best to keep them apart.

RULE 7: Try and keep some sort of control, however slight, over your client, the Vendor. Do not allow him to ring up your other client, the purchaser, the night before contracts are due to be exchanged, saying look here, old boy, he's been thinking it over, and he's not quite sure whether he wants to sell his bijou residence after all.

Tell the staff!

RULE 8: When you have advertised a property in a Sunday newspaper, kindly acquaint all your staff with the fact, so that when I telephone on Monday morning I will not have to undergo conversations that go like this: "Addison Avenue, Madam? No . . ." (*pitying laugh at your stupidity*) . . . "we haven't anything in our books like that. . . . Mr Wilkins, we aren't handling anything in Addison Avenue, are we? There's a lady on the phone who says — Oh. Just a minute, madam . . ." (*buzz, buzz, mutter, mutter*) . . . "apparently Mr Robertson's handling that property and he's not in yet, and anyway we think it's on offer."

Eleven Girl Guides and one Sea Ranger, aged from 13 to 16, are taking part this week in a long-distance swimming training course at Folkestone. Out of the 11 will be picked the six girls who hope to swim the Channel as a team from France to England next week. They will swim for one hour each in rotation, and will be carrying with them not only goodwill messages from the Guides of France, but a new type of headgear. Called, alarmingly, the Spembly Electronic Loop Communication System, it will enable one-way communication from the boat to the swimmer, and will be used to relay encouragement and pop songs.

I see exactly what will happen if the projected Bill to make pirate radio stations illegal gets through Parliament. The English Channel will be awash with six million teenagers, all swimming just outside territorial waters, all equipped with Spembly Electronic Loop Communications Systems, and all doing the trendiest new dance – the Hundred Metres Butterfly.

the 'Fifty Five' restaurant
has just re-opened in JERMYN ST.
Everything's new except the food
(some things you can't improve)

Redesigned and refurnished throughout, the Fifty Five's open again—early for lunch, late for dinner. There are now two dance floors and two bands. She'll love it. Reservations: GRO 1168 & HYD 2011. 55 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. *(Another time, take her to the Boulevard Restaurant at 56 Wigmore Street. That's also being rebuilt—to open in mid-August).*

VR
VYDRA RESTAURANTS

THERE'S A BUZZ ROUND TOWN...

. . . and it's busy Mary Bee swinging round the London she loves. Mary, blonde, blue-eyed and 21, describes herself as gregarious although she has no "steady." Her friends describe her as one of the most popular girls in London. She has just returned from St Tropez, where she went with Pattie Boyd (Harrison), Belinda Volpelière-Pierrot and Venetia Cunninghame. Back here most of her evenings finish up in Sibylla's. Most of her days are spent managing a boutique.

Picture by
STEPHEN
GOLDBLATT

JAM TOMORROW

A new London Life guide for motorists

Traffic blackspots north of the river for wise motorists to avoid, if possible, include several major improvement schemes likely to be with us for months to come.

The one-way system at Oxford Circus, due to the reconstruction of the Underground station, continues.

Marylebone Road has westbound traffic diverted near Cosway Street, and there are traffic delays between Baker Street and Enford Street because of road widening.

At Swiss Cottage, the reconstruction and widening of the Finchley Road is causing traffic delays. In the City, northbound traffic is diverted at the junction of Old Street and City Road, where a roundabout is being constructed.

The underpass now being built at the junction of Euston Road, Hampstead Road and Gower Street means diversion for east and westbound traffic there.

Here's a long-range warning of plans to ease traffic congestion in the Shepherd's Bush area. The Greater London Council is now discussing possible changes with Kensington, Chelsea, and Hammersmith Borough Councils.

The amendments to the original scheme include removing traffic signals, banning right turns, introducing compulsory left turns and one-way working. There would no longer be traffic signals at the junctions of Shepherd's Bush Road and Blythe Road and Queensdale Road and St Ann's Villas.

Right turns from Queensdale Road into St Ann's Villas and from Addison Gardens into Richmond Way would be banned. One-way working will then be clockwise through the rectangle formed by Blythe Road, Dewhurst Road and Dunsany Road.

Road schemes and likely traffic holdups will be reported weekly.

OUR ENCHANTED EVENINGS

More frankly than ever before, Sybil, ex-wife of Richard Burton, and Jordan, the husband who is 12 years her junior, talk of their life and love. Report by JOHN McLEOD

SYBIL CHRISTOPHER speaking, expounding her simple, don't-give-a-damn philosophy: "If I'd married a man of 54, everyone would have said 'Good for Syb, she's done the sensible thing. She'll find it comfortable but dull, but it's the best thing she could have done.'

"Instead, I married someone 12 years younger than myself, and they all threw their hands in the air. Still, we couldn't care less. We love each other, and we're happy together. There's nothing more important."

Renewing friendships

Sybil, 37, flops on a chintzy sofa and pours tea. Husband Jordan Christopher, 25, smiles benignly and settles in a chair with the lazy ease of a happy man. They have been in London, where singer-actor Jordan has been recording, and his wife has been renewing friendships from her days as Richard Burton's wife.

They accept – and know how to live with – the stories, the comment, the speculation. Sybil has a seasoned acceptance of herself as a newssource. Jordan seldom reads the papers, anyway. Both speak with frank simplicity about their love and marriage, and what lies ahead.

When Sybil and Richard Burton broke up, the world offered her sympathy, and satiated itself on the daily despatches from Rome. As they tut-tutted over the headlines, avid readers doubtless visualised the jilted wife nursing her grief at home. But she wasn't grieving. She was whooping it up in the West End.

We set impossible standards for our tragi-heroines. Which is probably why praise for Sybil, in starting a new life as a member of New York's swing-set, turned to criticism when last year she married Jordan. But they have an identical outlook – on the lines of "Who cares what the neighbours think?"

They first met when Jordan and his group, The Wild Ones, went to audition at Sybil's New York discothèque, Arthur.

Sybil: "As soon as I saw him, I thought he looked so nice, and just right for the club. I suppose, without realising it, I was thinking he was just right for me, too."

Jordan: "I was very aware of Sybil, in the middle of all the noise and confusion, and could feel she was watching me all the time. When I was introduced to her, I was a bit surprised. I knew vaguely who she was, and that she was English. And I had expected somebody like Deborah Kerr. I was so wrong. She turned out to be a right little swinger."

Began dating

Jordan's group began playing at the club and, inevitably, Sybil and Jordan began dating. Their first night out could have been a disaster, though.

Jordan: "I was a bit stuck for something to say, and one of the first things I blurted out – I don't know why – was to ask Syb if she'd ever been to Rome. I hadn't read about her troubles, or that she'd gone there to see Richard."

Sybil recalls her reaction to the question: "My God, that's a bit cool."

She glossed over the question, and they progressed from there. "We just clicked, you know," says Sybil. Jordan agrees, but adds a rider: "I was living in Greenwich Village at the time, and took Syb to the Village Gate Club. It's so noisy there; the only way we could speak to each other was to go cheek to cheek and shout in the ear. This probably helped. . . ."

Sybil: "We never gave a thought to our 12 years age difference. We love each other, and that's it. Simple, isn't it? But maybe people can't see it this way."

From the depths of the sofa, Sybil has trouble being demure in a knee-length, polka-dot dress. She gives up the struggle. This is delightfully symptomatic of her outlook. New York and nightlife, business and fun and Jordan Christopher have all gone into the apparent transformation of the former Mrs. Burton. But she and Jordan pooh-pooh the picture the public had of Sybil, the suburban housewife, always in the background, overshadowed

Sybil: "We love each other, and that's it. Simple, isn't it?" . . . Jordan: "She turned out to be a right little swinger."

by a celebrated husband.

Jordan: "She's always been a swinger."

Sybil agrees: "I was never a cabbage, buried in the English sticks. In fact, during my blackest period over Richard and Liz Taylor, I was twisting in the Ad Lib most nights. Believe me, this helped."

Nevertheless, there is a remarkable contrast between Sybil Christopher – urchin-cut, sparkling eyes and dresses near mini-skirt level – and the heartbroken, harassed Mrs Burton who flew to Rome to try and keep her husband. "That was an awful period," she recalls. "But I survived it. Life is fun now. My husband loves me. We click."

Clicking nicely with them are Sybil's daughter, Kate, aged eight, and Jodi, the four-year-old daughter of Jordan's previous marriage. "Of course, we'd like a baby," say the Christophers, "but we have plenty of time. We are planning nothing yet. It will happen some time, and we'll all be very happy about it."

Jordan sits back and listens to his wife effervesce. He is quiet, sincere, likeable. He seldom finds it necessary to stress his personality, or the fact that he is very much the husband and the man in the house.

He says simply: "I'm at a bit of a cross-roads in my career. I've just finished my first film (he has a major rôle in *Return of the Seven*, a follow-up to the Yul Brynner Western) and have signed a contract for more. I'm no longer with the group, but am doing a lot of recording. I enjoyed making the movie and look forward to doing more. But I'm not worried about the future, or being able to take care of Sybil and the children. I have a strong back and a good pair of hands. That will always see us through."

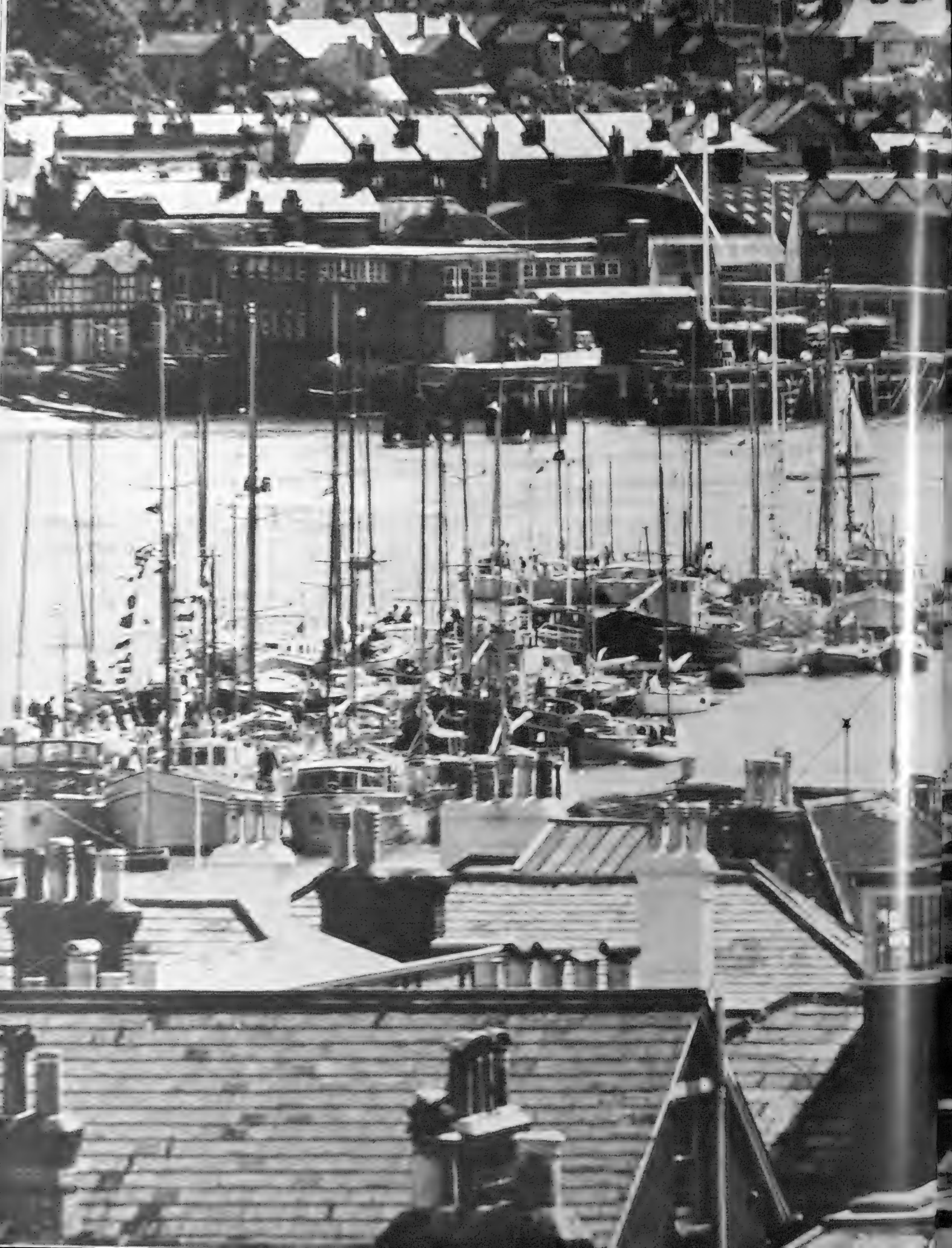
Most pleasure

What gives the Christophers most pleasure out of life? Without hesitation they chorus: "Spending an evening at home together."

Sybil: "We have to go out so much, because of Arthur and music and the whole New York thing, that we really look forward to staying at home when we can. It's always a delightful surprise when, in the morning, we discuss the day ahead. We come to planning the evening, and, oh lovely, we find we don't have to go out. It's always a great feeling. We get quite excited about a simple thing like that."

Jordan: "These are the best times. We can just sit at home, reading or listening to music, or doing absolutely nothing. We might occasionally look over at each other, and there's no need to speak, no need to try and find something to say. We can just sit and listen to the silence, if we want."

A good sentiment. And, obviously, good times ahead for the Jordan Christophers.



What Cowes is all about in 1966

A peaceful scene across the River Medina which splits Cowes in two. Scores of boats, from dinghies to yawls, cling together. This is all part of Cowes Week, the gay fraternising from boat to boat. These are the 'trots'—the tightly packed moorings to accommodate the invasion of yachtsmen from throughout the world. At night though, they leave their boats for the gay round of parties and dinners held by various clubs. But this year there is a break with some of the social traditions, and the actual sailing takes on even more importance. MICHAEL VESTEY's full story about Cowes 1966 begins overleaf.

Picture by JOHN WATNEY

Continuing

What Cowes is all about in 1966

PRINCE PHILIP's aide, Rear-Admiral Christopher Bonham-Carter, explained: "Prince Philip has been to Cowes for the last six or seven years running. So it is high time there was a break, otherwise people begin to take these things as one of the inexorable laws. I am all for breaking this tradition."

So the Royal Yacht *Britannia* is not seated at its moorings, dominating the kaleidoscope of red, blue and white sails draped across the tiny harbour of Cowes this year. Prince Philip is in Jamaica opening the Empire and Commonwealth Games.

Cowes is all for breaking traditions. This year's nine days of racing will be more serious and cut-throat, even allowing for the absence of the great luxurious ocean racers crewed by wealthy owners who are celebrating the centenary of the Danish Yacht Club in Copenhagen.

New breed

Today's space-age Cowes is different in many ways. True, up at the Castle, home for 150 years of the exclusive Royal Yacht Squadron, the usual tapestry of "military" figures can be seen scanning the Solent, but Cowes belongs to a new breed of eager yachtsmen interested mainly in the sport. This is borne out by the feeling that it is less imperative to be seen at Cowes than it is at Ascot, Henley or Wimbledon.

And although Copenhagen and the Empire Games may have robbed Cowes this week of some glitter, many yachtsmen feel they can concentrate on serious racing. Which is really what modern-day Cowes is all about.

Sailing is not a simple sport; the Olympic Games have brought a burst of scientific thinking to boats and their design. Yachts are the products of aerodynamic experts, and racing the subject of ruthless, intense enthusiasm by serious yachtsmen. Of course, the social side is gay. It must be one of the few places where a drab, uninteresting little town can be the scene of splendid riotous parties. Equally, unlike Ascot, Henley and Wimbledon, participants play at parties in the evenings.

The host clubs from the democratic, many-membered Island Sailing Club to the aloof, shy and insular Royal Yacht Squadron, have a full week of races and social functions.

The Royal London Club held its usual extravagant ball on Tuesday. For months a team of members headed by ball committee chairman Mr Geoffrey Glanville, a Hampshire solicitor and a keen sailor, prepared a Roman décor. Pillars, laurels and Roman tombs have been made; and the ball lived up to its reputation of being the biggest social event of Cowes Week. Now they have the task of dismantling the special pillars, laurels, tombs and other Roman-style paraphernalia erected just for the occasion.

"We had a very good team working on it," says Mr Glanville. "It was like being on a film set. Dances must be unusual and fairly extravagant to be a success. I started designing the club sets about seven years ago. It is great fun."

He was helped by Mr Johnny Jones, a commercial artist for holiday camps. "He was the great genius behind most of the work; and it is thanks to him that the décor is so realistic."

Easy handling

Mr Glanville used to race with his twin brother, Trevor Glanville, a club flag officer. They picked up some important prizes, including the 16-mile Swallow championships at Cowes.

"Swallows are an excellent class in which to race," says Mr Glanville. "One is also competing against some nice people. I always enjoyed this type of boat. It is light and easy to handle, and only 25ft. long."

He has been racing since 1945, when, he says, he was really "bitten" by racing. He added: "These days, boats are extremely scientific and quite expensive. The average person who is keen to represent Britain in the Olympic Games has got to find some money. Dragons, a good class of boat to race, are becoming desperately expensive. Fifteen years ago they cost about £750; now they fetch about £3,000 and their value's gone as far as racing is concerned within three years."

The Royal London has 350 members and is full, like most local clubs. "We have to draw the line somewhere," he says, "otherwise our facilities would be strained. By allowing too many people in we would fail to be hospitable. We couldn't have people queueing up to the bar. Too large a membership would prejudice our amenities – a matter of supply and demand, really. Profits we make for the club usually come from facilities like the bar, members' bedrooms.

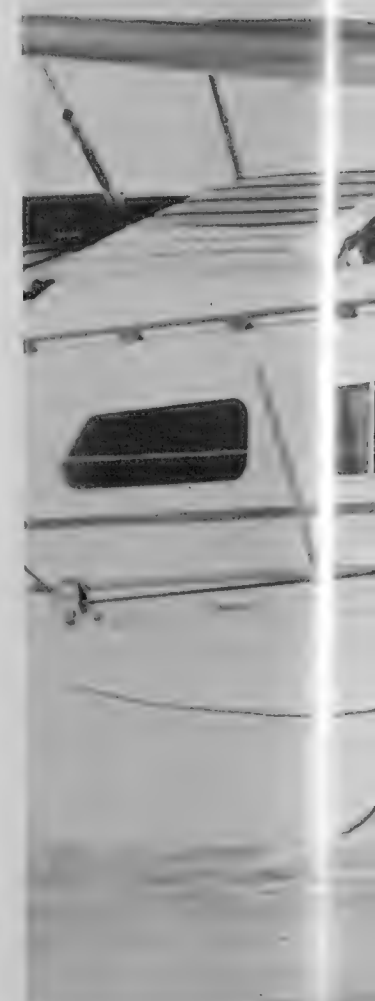
They vanish

The Royal London, like most clubs, discourages people who use the facilities during Cowes Week only for convenience. They prefer members who are there perennially. But, of course, there are many who arrive for Cowes but vanish for a year before being seen again.

On Wednesday of this week the Island Sailing Club were playing host and organising the racing. It is the club for the small man, and yet it has to restrict membership because with the present 3,200 it is proving difficult to accommodate everyone. Their problem is popularity, for they offer the most useful facilities of any club, with two slipways in the harbour centre approachable at any state of the tide. Yachtsmen going out to their boats for the start of a race are ferried by club launches. Afterwards, they are brought back for a shower, a change into dry clothes and a welcome meal and drink.

The "Island" was started by General Charles Baring, who lost an arm in the Crimea and retired to Cowes. Despite being a member of island high society and the Royal Yacht Squadron (both the same thing, really), he decided the less privileged sailor should be catered for. With friends he formed a club for the amateur.

With military organisation he even sent out a Press release outlining his views of "encouraging racing in open boats as a nursery for larger sport." Among the first members was a Catholic priest, an actor, a grocer, a draper and sundry lords and ladies. The club now is fondly revered by Cowes yachtsmen – in 1930 it innovated the annual Round-the-Island Race, which has grown in support ever since, and in 1948 they presented the now famous Dragon *Bluebottle* to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip as a wedding gift.



This week the club's social events retain their usual sparkle and activity; most of the members who cannot afford Copenhagen are at Cowes now.

Up at the entrance to the harbour – the Castle of West Cowes – stands the Royal Yacht Squadron. Despite its

Quiver IV, one of the British team of three yachts which in 1965 won the coveted Admiral's Cup, seen racing at Cowes last year. Most of the boats of this calibre are visiting Copenhagen this year, but there is still plenty of very keen racing among the smaller classes of yachts.

impressiveness, the club's rôle has diminished in recent years. This week they are holding their usual members' dinner and dance.

No newspaper would write today of the Squadron as they did in 1887: "... Of this choice but limited company [Cowes yachtsmen] the Castle was the centre and soul, the seat of all moral and intellectual life, and the spring of all its hopes, fears, plans, loves, tales and jealousies.

"And the centre and soul of the Castle, if such a phrase may be permitted, was, during Regatta Week, the lawn devoted to the wicker chairs and the ladies."

Ladies do have their own room, a large, comfortable, chintzy retreat from the sailing chat of their husbands. Most sailing wives, though, show tremendous interest in the sport and are quite knowledgeable; rather like motor-racing wives who can talk endlessly of high-lift camshafts and over-revving. Instead, sailing terminology can run like this: "Did you see Charles making a nonsense on the starting line today?" Or: "The Dragon wasn't tacking well at the third turn."

The Squadron does boast considerable awe, though, to those who really care. Few people ever get a peep inside as entry is strict. The whole formality of the place is the last outpost of old Cowes, and one gets the impression that a tidal wave could sweep over it without much ruffling of evening dress or adjusting medals. The members' dining-room has a sort of mausoleum quietness about it. The walls are hung with famous nautical figures, either created by Cowes or attracted to it; for it does both.

The club was founded in 1815. First members had to own a yacht of not less than 10 tons. The title "Royal" was conferred on the club by the Prince Regent, when, in 1817, he wrote from his yacht asking to join. In the 1820s Cowes became as fashionable a seaside resort as Brighton and the regatta became firmly established as part of the season.

The Squadron was often

(Continued overleaf)

What Cowes is all about in 1966 continued

accused of snobbery because of heavy vetting of membership. Once upon a time one in seven candidates were elected; those who failed to get in slunk off, making accusations of black-balling.

It remains discreetly palatial, with about 312 full members and 140 Naval members. Entrance fee is £150, annual subscription £35. Prince Philip is both Admiral and Commodore of the Squadron. Tory peer Lord Camden is Vice-Commodore; and secretary is retired Naval officer Captain M H Evelagh.

Captain Evelagh, balding and side-whiskered, told me: "We allocate tickets for our dance to other yacht clubs; the Island has six. Members have to apply for tickets – I think we have room for about 400 people on Thursday."

He added: "Yachting has changed in the last 15 years – it has become more serious and intense. Most yachtsmen work at a job these days, racing at weekends.

"This year, Cowes is rather quiet. The big Admirals Cup series with the Fastnet Race is biennial and will be held next year. Thus we miss the Australians, Americans and many other foreigners who compete in these races. And, of course, there is no royalty."

Increasing

Captain Evelagh was pleased to notice a new class called Tempests racing this year. It has just been adopted by the Royal Yachting Association, and 10 are lining up at the start line this week. "Interest in the sport is growing all the time; classes and entries are increasing, too," he says.

This can be traced back to 1851, when the Americans, with their great ability to learn, copy and improve quickly, won a shock victory in the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup (now the America's Cup). Their specially built schooner was advanced in design, and immediately British sailors redesigned their old yachts to American specifications. Sails were cut similarly (they are American-style even now) and Cowes' boatyards flourished. It was we who were quick to learn then.

The Squadron was jolted into action in view of recognition as a trying-out ground for the design of Naval ships. In the early days, all members' yachts were armed, and formed a useful amateur reserve to the Navy. In 1829 members were allowed to display the White Ensign for service rendered. Later all the other clubs were granted the same privilege, but ruined it by indulging in too much smuggling: the Admiralty withdrew it from all but the Squadron, who kept their bows clean.

Socially, Cowes was boosted by Queen Victoria's affection for the Isle of Wight. From their home at nearby Osborne House her family followed yachting with interest.

Later the Prince of Wales was to become the royal figurehead in the sport. His membership a year after his father's death introduced a marked fashionable atmosphere to the Castle. It was refreshing to be seen at Cowes nudging elbows with his intimate entourage. In the 1920s, society hostess Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel bought Castle Rock (now the home of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club) and her "young ladies" injected spice into Cowes Week. It was once said that there was more royal blood keeping shop in the High Street than could be found in half the royal houses of Europe.

People are too busy racing to bother with such trivia now. Or trying to untangle the rules issued by the Cowes Combined Clubs Committee. Secretary boat-builder, Mr David Cheverton, explained: "Cowes is always a big and complex regatta, with 16 races a day to deal with.

Simple rules

"The problem is: if we make the rules simple the competition might suffer, or, vice versa, if rules are too difficult people may disqualify themselves. This year I decided to make the rules simple. We hope that the start and finish will not be chaotic – each race starts within 10 minutes of each other.

"The difficulty is avoiding congestion at the start. With 400 boats that is tricky."

Mr Cheverton adds that the many people at Cowes today who are new to sailing have brought an increase in smartness.

"Although more scientific, yachting is made simpler by new materials – nylon, terylene sails, plastic and stainless steel – boats are turned out better, too. And although these newcomers are quite serious about the sport, they enjoy the fun it brings."

The trippers may be disappointed at not being able to indulge in the sport of royalty-spotting, but if this gives them a chance to watch more of the sailing, this may be all to the good. For sailing, far more than personalities, is really what Cowes is all about in 1966, anyway.

The discreet splendour of the members' dining-room at the Royal Yacht Squadron in Cowes. This is one of the rare photographs to leave the Club's hallowed premises. The Squadron is, to put it mildly, rather shy.

WHAT'S ON AT COWES THIS WEEKEND

Friday: The Island Sailing Club plays host and their regatta should be well supported. In the evening the Cowes sky will be lit by a fireworks display.

Saturday: The Gurnard Regatta, Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta, and the big Cowes to St Malo via Lyme Bay Buoy race organised by the Royal Ocean Racing Club.

Sunday: The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club regatta.

Sea siren scoutfits: Dazzlingly striped cat suit in jersey by Jean Varon £12 1s 6d at Simpson, and pirate-red towelling shorts with white piping and matching vest, 3 guineas each, at Harrods. Simpson, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 2002); Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234).

RIGGING OUT FOR COWES

(or anywhere else you may want to make sailors care)

The truth about sailors, despite all that jazz about a girl in every port, is that they are basically in love with the sea and their ships. The big problem is how to make them care, how to make them look, when they're busy with ropes and shouting avast and belay and all those other mysterious nautical slogans at each other. For any girl who gets an offer to go sailing there are two main don'ts – don't get sick and don't get in the way. For the rest she's on her own, but it's better if she looks pretty in bright colours and looks as though she's

continued overleaf

RIGGING OUT FOR COWES

(continued)

enjoying herself. To show how this can be done *London Life*'s fashion team went down to Gosport early one morning (It was so early the sailors were still shouting "Lash!" and "Stow!" whatever that means). There we met the Royal Navy and had a great day aboard HMS TOKEN, the splendid and sinister-looking submarine you see in these pictures. TOKEN's captain, Lieutenant-Commander Peter Roach, took us all to sea with Lieutenant Mark Wareham, who organised the trip. There was also the handsome young submariner in the pictures. His name: Bob Darrell. After lunch, we were allowed in the conning tower. And that's a story we are saving up to tell all our hearty yachting friends; we felt vastly superior looking at mere sailing craft from such a vantage point. Then the captain half-dived TOKEN three times, so we could get the cover picture. One for the log: none of *London Life*'s girls felt even the tiniest bit sea-sick! And we hope we didn't get in anybody's way. Good practice, too, for Cowes Week.

FASHION BY SARAH DRUMMOND

Right: All the nice girls love a sailor . . . white cotton drill trousers – part of a suit, £12 1s 6d and sleeveless top with embroidered red anchor, 3 guineas, both from Simpson.

Below: Sailor beware: Tough no-nonsense clothes for cold-blooded pirate submariners, geared for all weather. Left to right: red and white striped anorak in vinyl, £25 4s at Simpson, worn with white PVC trousers from Sea & Ski, £2 10s; navy blue sea skirt in vinyl, 6 guineas, matching hat 2½ guineas, and white anorak spotted in blue with back zip, 6 guineas, all exclusive to Lillywhites by Ernst Engel; palest pink PVC trousers 14 guineas and matching anorak with stand-up collar, £21 at Simpson (also available in pale blue); scarlet cape (also in navy blue), £7 17s 6d, and white levis £2 12s 6d, both from Simpson; and red and white towelling sweater, £1 15s 6d at Sea & Ski. Simpson, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 2002); Sea & Ski, 69, Pimlico Road, SW1 (SLO 3015); Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, SW1 (WHI 3181).

RIGGING OUT FOR COWES

(continued)

The sleek submarine, HMS TOKEN, sails off as the abandoned girls wave frantically, hoping not to be submerged. This picture gives you another look at two of the outfits mentioned on page 28 – both vinyl, both with cunningly concealed zips, and both arch-demonstrators of how to stay feminine aboard a man's ship.

SARAH DRUMMOND

TALKING FASHION

I HEAR that a psychologist, W F Moore, has been busy analysing the angle that berets are worn at: forward, for instance, is generally thought of as being sexy, but, says Mr Moore, it's a sign of shyness – hiding the face. Perched at an angle at the side of the head indicates a dreamy, romantic type; at the back of the head and to one side indicates a reckless, impulsive, ready-for-anything personality.

The non-wearing of them by young girls who have just left school, and associate them with school, is a sign of immaturity and childishness. They are totally misguided, insists Mr Moore: "The beret is a powerful Lolita-like sex symbol." Kangol have brought out a new colour range – tangerine, purple, cerise, pink and bright yellow. They cost 10s 6d and can be bought at most leading stores and several boutiques.

Though the beret originally came from France (from the Basque country, where they were worn by peasants, next by priests in the area, who called them *birettas*, then they graduated to the army, later to schoolgirls, and now by *chic* women), England now exports them to France.

Actress Carol Friday showing off a beret. (See first story.) This angle, according to the psychologist, demonstrated a well-balanced no-nonsense type.

Marc Bohan of Christian Dior designed all the clothes for Sophia Loren (above) in her new film Arabesque, *in which she stars with Gregory Peck, directed by Stanley Donen, at the Leicester Square Theatre. This house-coat is in tiger-striped chiffon. Sophia Loren kept the clothes after the film was finished.*

New York have gone wild over *Annacat* clothes, and buyers have been deluging Maggie Keswick and Janet Lyle, the designers and owners of the boutique, with requests to sell to them. They have now sold all but two items of their entire collection to *Bonwit Teller*, which makes them the sole Annacat stockists in the States for the time being.

If all goes well, Maggie and Janet will branch out next season and sell more widely. Meanwhile, in London Annacat must move soon from 23 Pelham Street, SW7 (KEN 0586), to larger premises. But quite where these will be, they are not yet certain.

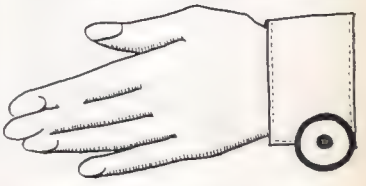
I gather several Italian fashion houses have shown Arab caftan-style long dresses – with la dolce vita *in mind. There is a definite foreign look for new-wave evening wear.*

Bob Freeman is looking for the 1967 face. Any offers? This is for a colour feature film which he is directing in September, called *The Patchables*, produced by Walter Shenson. He wants a totally unknown girl, aged between 18 and 21, hair length and colour unimportant, but she should be between 5ft. 6in. and 5ft. 8in. She should move well and be the sort of girl who stands out in a crowd.

If it sounds like you, send a photograph of yourself and details to Bob Freeman, at Walter Shenson Films, 9 Hertford Street, W1.

Candida Lycett-Green and Robin Fraser Pay met a year ago. Robin was then doing stage costume designing, and Candida asked him to design some dresses for her. Soon after, they decided to go into partnership together and to start a couture business. They now work from 6 Chepstow Villas, W11 (PAR 4763). Robin, who did the costumes for *Dearest Dracula* at the Dublin Festival this year, and *Strike A Light*, does the designing and Candida seeks out materials. They have two dressmakers, one of whom works exclusively on stage costumes. Robin and Candida want to bring a theatrical look to evening wear. But their primary aim is to design something which suits the personality and figure of the wearer. Prices are amazingly reasonable: a velvet trouser suit – including the material – costs about £20. And it's the only one like that.

Watch out for big baubly earrings in ribbon silk, made by Paul Stephens at Fenwick *in mid-August, 12s 6d a pair. They hang from silver chains and are only for the long-necked.*



Richard Wentworth, 18, starts at the Royal College of Art as a furniture student in October. Meanwhile, he designs and makes penny-sized cuff links in 300 colour combinations – purple with navy blue, orange and yellow, red and shocking pink are just a few examples. He makes them out of polyester resin (they look like plastic), and they are about $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick. Palisades, Hung on You, Little People and The Shop, and Saurus will all be selling them in early September, for about 12s 6d. Also matching rings, 9s 6d.

Mrs Candida Lycett-Green and Robin Fraser Pay.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Angela Bennett (above): Designs fabrics and Christmas cards. Photographed wearing a lightweight plum printed suit by Sambo.

Juliet Deakin (above): Works for the Paul Hamlyn Group. Her linen dress and jacket in sherbet-orange is from the Louis Feraud Room in Harrods.

Rosita Palomero-Campos (above): wearing a red, white and blue striped silk dress which she had made in Spain, where she spends four months every year.

Giuliana di Camerino (below): From Italy on a visit, designs under the name Roberta, and is wearing one of her own white jersey suits. She sells a lot of bags, shoes, scarves and umbrellas as well as clothes in London and Italy.

Vivianne Menkes (left): Editorial assistant at Studio Vista, wearing a yellow and black linen dress which she bought in a children's department at Printemps in Paris.

Yvonne Saunders (above): wearing a white cotton trouser-suit, which she bought from Fifth Avenue, Oxford Circus. Yvonne is a soloist in the Royal Ballet Company.

ONE WOMAN'S WARDROBE

This week – Carol Lynley

Beautiful American actress Carol Lynley has been in London for three months filming *The Shattered Room*. She is 24, has one daughter, Jill, aged four, and spends most of her spare time reading. She loves to cook and is very interested in interior decorating. She says she has become very Anglified – drives a Mini, drinks shandy and loves shepherd's pie. Carol thinks London fashions are great, likes the kooky look on tall, skinny girls, but feels they make her look like a "wound-up Cindy Doll." Her preference is for casual but elegant suits and dresses with style and colour for day wear; for the evening she likes to accentuate a long, elegant look.

She never wears jackets as they tend to "cut me in half," and has one or two long simple evening coats which she can interchange with different dresses. To Carol, the London shops are "smashing," and she said she spent much too much. Her favourites were Fenwick's Budget Shop, Jaeger and Biba. She allows herself a moderate wardrobe budget – but would spend up to £50-£60 on one outfit – says it would kill her to do so and that it would have to be very special. She adores hats, and has a huge collection – but never wears them. Her pet hates are bouffant hairdo's, paper dresses, too much make-up, and flowery garden-party hats. She is fastidious, tidy, likes to wash her hair herself and changes the style to suit her mood. She has two fur coats, one white beaver she bought five years ago, and a beautiful black mink trench coat which she wears over slacks or evening dresses.

Report by Norma Moriceau
Pictures by John Benton Harris

In these pictures, Carol is wearing: Top left: Casual trouser suit in beige cotton. Centre left: Two-piece velvet suit, brown skirt and striped jacket in wine red, yellow, grey and brown. Black silk sweater. Left: Heavily encrusted pale blue and silver short evening dress. Top right: Casual day dress in black and white nylon jersey. Above: French cotton jersey dress in red with triangle insets. Right: With daughter Jill and her latest alphabet. Carol is wearing a long evening coat in blue velvet.

THE LONDON I LOVE

Walks through Kensington Gardens, visits to restaurants in Chelsea and Fulham . . . but mostly it's the people of London, among whom she lives in much closer proximity than most stars. Continuing this *London Life* series, JOHN VINER talks to—

Honor Blackman

EAST Enders are known to be the very salt of London life, Miss Honor Blackman is an East Ender – she was born in Plaistow, and as such she loves The Smoke. She has never lived outside London and has no intentions of ever doing so. On those occasions when she flies out from the City as the famous actress, she is always delighted to be back. And the first sight which says to her, "I'm back" is not the traditional London bus, nor a policeman, nor a taxi . . . "It's the sight of those horrible houses you see driving in along the airport motorway. The houses are so ugly they depress me, but I know I'm back."

That remark does rather sum up her love-hate relationship with the capital city. She is intelligent enough to realise that no major city can be wholly sweetness and light. It's just that she prefers the faults of London to any other place.

Her love of the place is not a prosaic thing centred on the buildings and monuments. London, she claims, depends on its people. And it's the people Miss Blackman loves. "London is envied for its people," says she. "I've found you can have a marvellous private social life."

A marvellous private social life may well be her ambition, but at her current address she is finding things a bit hard. She and her husband, Maurice Kaufmann, moved into a slightly shabby area of Pimlico a year ago. Apart from the money spent on buying the house, they have spent a great deal more on converting and modernising their home.

As the house faces a vast complex of council flats, Miss Blackman is constantly reminded of her leather-bound rôle in *The Avengers*, and scarcely a day goes by without a friendly comment being bellowed across the intervening traffic. The neighbours and the local police all know her car, a substantial Mercedes convertible, and her arrival home goes something like this: She parks the car, slams the door, heads for the front door; high above the noise of buses comes the greeting: "Allo 'Onor, yer back then?" Miss Blackman scans the rows of flats, identifies the source and waves back: "Yes, I'm back, thanks."

Autographs

"The only time I don't reply is if I'm already indoors, I think that's taking things too far," says Miss Blackman. She has also stopped answering the door-bell on a Sunday when it was the custom for her neighbours to troop across asking for autographs. "They have an awful lot of relatives."

Her weekends are spent instead eating out in her favourite restaurants around Chelsea and Fulham, reflective walks in the early evening (her favourite time) through Kensington Gardens (her favourite place). Sunday mornings find her at home instead of rooting for her husband who plays football in Hyde Park.

Walking home through Kensington Gardens is a very tranquil exercise, but for a woman it does present certain pitfalls. "I'm not really worried about being attacked, although if I was found all beaten and bleeding it wouldn't do my reputation any good, would it?" she says.

Various attempts have been made on her reputation as a judo black belt, most of which come from London cabbies. "They are a very cheeky lot."

Cab drivers may be cheeky wherever they are in London, but Miss Blackman professes a vast change of mood on crossing the park north to Bayswater or even farther to the distant territories of Hampstead and Golders Green. She actually hates north London and says: "I have lived in North London only twice and both times it was an absolute disaster."

So since her move from her birthplace in Plaistow she has lived in Chiswick, Ealing ("where I went to Ealing County School for Girls") and thereafter in the Kensington hinterland. "I know London so well now that I can drive through it and recognise the friendly and the unfriendly places."

She said "drive" deliberately, because she hasn't ventured on a Tube or bus for years. "I don't know if it's just me. My mother always says I've got that sort of face, but a man once tried to rape me on Acton Town station and on another occasion a man chased me all along the platform at South Kensington station, he finally pinched my bottom in the lift and I couldn't get away from him, so I hit him."

Celebrations

Miss Blackman takes celebrations in London very seriously. State visits and their attendant closures of streets and traffic jams she finds "maddening." "The idea of the monarchy seems somewhat out of date; mind you, it's marvellous for the tourists and all that jazz, but not for me."

The other celebration she takes seriously is Christmas at the family seat in Plaistow. "It's an absolute knees-up down there. It really is a lot of fun. Everybody lets their hair down and I wouldn't miss Christmas in London for anything."

Miss Blackman preserves a great deal of sympathy for Londoners who live in hotels. "It might be painless and everything, but you can't possibly put down roots." She insists that Londoners must have roots, and to have roots you must have a home. "Maurice and I are sometimes in danger of being crowded out by our roots. We are always buying things at auction sales."

Mr Kaufmann also has a concrete patio on the roof where, during those brief moments of summer sun, Miss Blackman likes to sunbathe without her swimsuit. "The only trouble is we are overlooked by the flats opposite so it's impossible to stand up," she complains.

But complaints or not, nothing will, I feel, move Miss Blackman from the London where she was born and bred.

KIDS' STUFF—FROM CHILDREN'S BOUTIQUES

Above, left to right: Black with white stripe cotton cardigan £2 16s 3d, worn with red cotton jersey shorts from Switzerland £1 15s 6d. Red PVC and cotton jersey cap, three guineas, all from Domino. Striped dungarees and cap in muted shades of mauve, green and blue; pants 48s 6d, cap 19s 11d, from Small Wonder. Buster suit, nigger brown velvet pants with cream pure silk top, £6 10s from Simple Garments. And the young man above is in a towelling wrap, 35s from Small Talk postal boutique.

With mothers in mind, who are tired of searching departmental stores with tired children in tow, here is a quick summary of children's boutiques in the London area specialising in baby to teenage wear, in conservative to with-it ranges.

Maternelle Baby Boutique, 199 Sloane Street (BEL 6141). They specialise in practical, drip-dry Continental and English clothes for children up to three. Mail order service.

Small Wonder, 296a King's Road, SW3 (FLA 9608). A modern boutique, with a carousel to keep children occupied. Babies to size 26.

Simple Garments, 39 Sloane Street, SW1 (BEL 4727). Babies to six. Conservative range. They specialise in hand-smocking (and will make up customers' materials), Shetlands and tweeds.

Lady Lollipop, 4a Perrins Court, NW3 (SWI 3876). Mainly for girls, from one to 14. Pretty A-line dresses with lots of embroidery and lace. All their own designs.

Domino, 7 Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 1820). Mainly imported clothes for babies to girls of 12 and boys of 14. Modern and colourful.

Pelisse, 240 Brompton Road, SW3 (KEN 2261). Up-to-date range for the modern young Miss aged eight to 16. They design 50 per cent. of their range. Matching headscarves, handbags etc.

Pollyanna Children's Wear, 35 Thayer Street, W1 (WEL 4739). Girls from two to 11, boys from two to six. Three-quarters of the designs are their own. Mail order, too.

Colts, 31 South End Road, NW3 (HAM 7387). Casual wear for boys from six to 16. Their stocks cover best of cheap to best of expensive. Mail order, too.

Small Talk, Great Dunmow, Essex. For mothers who have very little time to shop, this is a very good postal boutique.

Below, left to right: Black and white Liberty printed cotton dress with white organza collar and cuffs, £6 19s 6d from Pelisse. Pink towelling housecoat and mules; white collar, cuffs and pocket, with pink embroidered butterfly motif. Coat £4 9s 11d, mules £1 6s 11d, from Domino. Thick black and white spotted cotton dress, with white collar and cuffs, threaded with red velvet ribbon and red bow. £2 19s 11d from Small Wonder.

THREE MEN NEEDED TO MAKE CRIME PAY

Wanted: three men to make crime pay. The Home Office are looking for a management accountant, head of work study and head of training to help get more work out of England's jails. Adverts for the new jobs tell applicants they can expect a work force of 12,000, over 2,000 of them in London. Prison work spans 30 different industries and the aim, according to the adverts, "is to condition prisoners to brisk, well-organised, profitable industry."

A Home Office spokesman explained that the search for executive talent is part of a major streamlining and modernisation campaign. Most prisons were built in the 19th century when prisoners were expected to do little more than sew mailbags in their cells.

Today prison work is considered a major factor in rehabilitating prisoners. But it's hoped to make the whole set-up more efficient. British prisons are still the sole suppliers of mailbags – but today they are machine-sewn. London's Wandsworth jail is noted for its carpentry shop. . . . "They make anything from bread boards to cabinets." Leather work is another Wandsworth speciality. Glossy patent leather gaiters for naval officers are made there. So are good quality leather despatch cases for Government departments. Other products include brushes and mops, mattresses, nets, tubular steel furniture and toys.

Maidstone Prison in Kent manufactures road traffic signs. Many of the women's prisons have turned out to be dab-hands at jam-making.

Most of the products turned out by prison workshops are for Government use. There are prison printers who print official documents. But one of the problems facing the new executive team is deciding how valuable a particular prison industry really is.

"It's difficult to measure productivity," said the Home Office man. "You can't say labour costs are negligible because you have to keep each prisoner."

HOPES AND DANGERS AT THE EMPIRE GAMES

Nine teams from Britain are competing at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Jamaica this week. What are our chances? JOHN FARLEY reports and takes a look at some of the teams from London.

MORE than 300 British athletes are competing in 90-in-the-shade temperatures in Jamaica this week in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games. And a Londoner, 20-year-old Linda Ludgrove, is expected to carry off top honours.

Linda, wonder swimmer from Sydenham, will be defending two Empire titles – for the 110 and 220 backstroke events. She will also be attempting to recapture the world record for the 110 yards backstroke. Her supporters say that Linda is back to her world best form and she is expected to be Britain's golden girl in this year's Games.

Britain has sent nine teams to Jamaica to compete in track events, cycling, wrestling, weight lifting, boxing, fencing, badminton, and – an innovation – shooting.

The heat

Many of the events are timed for early morning or evening away from the full heat of the sun, but even though the marathon will be run at 6 am, some of Britain's leading marathon runners have opted out. Those who are taking part have been warned by the England team medical officer: "We expect the marathon to be run in climatic conditions beyond normal physiological limits. It is expected that the race will be run more slowly than in temperate climates and that the percentage of runners finishing the course will be smaller. It is impossible to deny that there is some element of risk. . . ."

Fast runner

London athletes were expected to do well in the track events and a 21-year-old teacher from Ilford, Bob McStocker, is tipped to prove something of a dark horse. McStocker has appeared out of the blue on the running scene during the past six weeks and by all accounts has great prospects. He is running in the 100 yards and his best performance to date is 9.8 secs. "McStocker is keen to have a go and could surprise everybody at Jamaica," said his team manager.

One of London's best prospects is Mel Cheskin, 24, a bank trainee from Tooting, a very fast runner with a best performance so far of 21.3 secs. in the 220 yards. Robert Frith, 22, a student of photography and human psychology, will be sprinting in the 100 yards, and salesman David Jones, 26, from Holland Park, is one of the team's best anchor men in the relay races.

Lewis Winbolt, a 20-year-old student living in Knightsbridge, is tipped for a place in the 440 yards, and Mike Varah, 22, student and mountaineer from Barnes, has great prospects in the 880. In the 440 yards hurdles Robin Woodland, of Wimbledon, is said to be a great fighter and sportsman, and Fred Alsop (Bedfordshire), an international athlete of great calibre. And in the javelin Dave Travis (Esher) and John Fitzsimons (Abingdon) could make the first six.

One of the "daddies" (comparatively speaking) of the England team is 30-year-old postman Raymond Middleton, from West Hendon, who with Don Thompson (Hounslow) is expected to make the first six in the 20-mile walk – an innovation in the Games.

Three Londoners are part of the eight-man England boxing team; John Clark, 18, a printer from Walthamstow, has been boxing for eight years and was junior ABA champion two years running. Bill Hiatt, a Battersea van driver, is 19, and as present ABA champion one of the team's best prospects. Mark Rowe, a pig farmer in Kent but attached to a Lambeth club, has, at 18, had 50 bouts and lost only three of them. He is the present London ABA champion.

Swimmers

Linda Ludgrove is of course the star of the swimming team, but there are other competitors expected to win honours. Tony Jarvis, of Streatham, in the 440-yard freestyle, is at the top of his form and has been in the international team for two years.

Among the divers there are Joy Newman, London University student, on the high board, and 19-year-old Kathy Rowlett, a clerk/typist from Leyton, on the springboard. John Martin-Dye, of London, W12, has swum in the Olympics and is expected to do well in the 110-yard freestyle.

Jamaica's National Stadium, scene of the 8th British Empire and Commonwealth Games, where some 1,500 athletes from 30 Commonwealth countries will compete. The Stadium holds 40,000 spectators.

The British Empire and Commonwealth Games are at Kingston, Jamaica, 3 to 13 August.

PROPERTY

No. 32, Charlton Place, Islington, is five minutes from the Angel Tube station and close to an expanding shopping centre.

No. 17, Alwyne Villas, Canonbury, is a corner house with its own garden and three bedrooms.

The Hamlet, Champion Hill, Camberwell, is a modern development of private houses, designed by Peter Moiret.

Leasehold flats in Kensington Palace Gardens. They are for sale at £95,000, £100,000 and £97,000, through Knight, Frank & Rutley and Kenneth Brown & Co.

Basement bath—but cheap at £12,150

Number 32 Charlton Place, Islington, is a large Georgian house on four floors, completely redecorated inside and out and set in a quiet crescent-shaped square just off Camden Passage and Islington Green. It is a very nicely proportioned house, with a top floor that could be made into a separate flatlet, and a first floor consisting of a large L-shaped drawing-room with an original fireplace. Two bedrooms on the ground floor and a panelled kitchen/dining-room in the semi-basement illustrate the general size. There's a small back garden and tool shed. The only bathroom is in the basement.

Nevertheless, the price for what is virtually a freehold (lease 996 years) is reasonable at £12,150, which includes curtains and fitted carpets. The ground rent is £25, and the rateable value is £106.

This is not Canonbury and prices haven't soared to that extent when compared with 17 Alwyne Villas, which *is* Canonbury. This is a small Regency four-bedroomed house tagged on to the end of a row of terraced houses in a quiet road. It needs modernising, has a shortish lease of 72 years and the asking price is £15,500. Ground rent is £20; rateable value £186. That's the difference between Canonbury and Islington. Both houses are being sold through Charles Michell & Co, 338 Upper Street, Islington (CAN 0272).

A number of newly built mews houses in Eaton Mews South, Belgravia, have come on to the market through Allsop & Co, Montpelier Street, SW7. All the houses have a large garage and three bathrooms, and the number of bedrooms varies from one to four. They are all on 50-year leases, from £12,550 to £29,750.

If you want to live in Camberwell, there is a recently completed garden square of 32 houses, ranging from £8,900 to £9,950 on 99-year leases. They all have paved balconies and an integral private garage. Sole selling agent is Taylor Rose, 45 Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 1212).

fiona bird

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TV BIG BROTHER FOR LONDON MOTORISTS

London motorists crossing many of the major intersections in West London will come under the hidden surveillance of Transport Ministry TV cameras at the end of the year. Work has just begun installing remote-control TV cameras above the crossings at Albert Bridge and Chelsea Embankment, Cromwell Road and Warwick Road, all round the Knightsbridge complex, the junction of North End Road and Talgarth Road, of Kensington High Street and Church Street, and of Kensington Road and Exhibition Road.

When working, the cameras will relay instantaneous pictures of traffic conditions back to a control room in Victoria. From the control room, signals can be sent which swing the lenses round to view different areas, either panning the scene, or zooming in on particular points.

The scheme, planned by GEC engineers, is part of the Ministry of Transport's wider West London Area Traffic Control experiment. Eventually, this kind of TV coverage can be tied into area-wide remote control of traffic lights, and, of course, for rapid despatch of traffic patrols to cope with sudden build-ups. This first experiment is expected to cost £40,000 – to cover the whole of London in the same way would clearly be expensive, but not, think some Ministry experts, as expensive as the waste caused by the present traffic jams.

Similar systems have been in use in American and Scandinavian cities for some years. The first successful TV traffic-control scheme was introduced in Detroit, home of the motor-car, in the late 'fifties. There, differing traffic-lane speeds are constantly changed on giant electric signs above the road by signals from the TV centre – and speeding motorists are tracked by the cameras while police cars are alerted to intercept the offenders at the most convenient intersection.

Where to get over that holiday!

You might feel the need for a rest-cure at any time – or particularly after a hectic holiday. SHEILA FITZJONES checked on the charges of the following health and beauty farms – all of which take men and women – and what sort of diets and treatments are involved.

Champneys Nature Cure Resort
near Tring, Herts
(Berkhamsted 3351)

This is the best-known nature-cure farm. It is situated high on the Chilterns in 170-acre grounds. It is run on very serious lines with special emphasis on controlled fasting and re-education in learning how to use one's mental capacities constructively. Regular lectures, in addition to personal consultations, help patients to adjust their outlook and to eliminate fears, inhibitions etc. They like patients to come for a minimum stay of three weeks.

Fees are from 29 to 38 guineas a week for single rooms, with an extra three guineas a week for a modified series of treatments called Short Course, and an extra six guineas weekly for the Executive's Course. A consultation fee of five guineas is charged for new patients, and patients returning after a lapse of five years.

Forest Mere Hydro
Liphook, Hants
(Liphook 2051)

This is one of the most fashionable and luxurious of all the health and beauty farms, with extra amenities like a heated outdoor swimming-pool, sports facilities, billiards and card rooms. Also an arrangement with adjoining Liphook golf-course for "patients" to play there.

Emphasis at the Hydro is on "counteracting the effects of unhealthy living and renewing and invigorating the whole system" – and slimming is just an off-shoot of this, although many of the people who go there have this as a first priority.

Treatments include osteopathy, electrotherapy, colonic lavage, remedial exercise, physiotherapy, massage, hydrotherapy and sauna baths. Diet includes home-produced vegetables, milk and yoghourt, but meat, chicken and fish is served on the odd evening. No alcohol is permitted.

The house stands in 250 acres of woodland. Single rooms are from 32 to 52 guineas. Or you can hire a self-contained chalet overlooking the swimming-pool for 40 guineas a week. An extra three guinea fee is charged for initial examination, and beauty treatments are extra.

Edstone Nature Cure Resort
Wootten Wawen,
Warwickshire
(Claverdon 327)

Nothing frivolous here – principle is that "health being normal in nature, the nearer it is possible to live naturally the better the prospect of good health."

The emphasis is on teaching food reform. The diet is strictly vegetarian, and in some cases preliminary fasting is prescribed.

It is located in an attractive country house overlooking a 10-acre lake (pleasant for swimming in), and five miles from Stratford-on-Avon. Charges are from 11 to 20 guineas a week. Treatment is six guineas a week extra, and there is a three guinea fee for initial consultation.

Thirlmere Nature Cure Hydro
18 Hastings Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex

Small, with a pleasant hotel atmosphere and only five minutes from the sea. Emphasis is on personal attention. All the usual nature-cure treatments are included, and sauna baths have recently been installed. Vegetarian diet. Fees from 20 guineas for a garden chalet to 28 guineas for best single rooms. New patients are charged an examination fee of three guineas.

Grayshott Hall Health Centre
Grayshott, nr. Hindhead, Surrey
(Hindhead 1331)

The newest and one of the largest health farms. Beautifully appointed though the fees are very reasonable. Usual treatments (including massage by Japanese-trained experts and sauna baths) and mainly vegetarian diet.

Extra amenities include indoor swimming-pool, tennis court, nine-hole golf course, cinema and music room.

Charges (including treatment) range from a single room for 28 guineas a week. Initial consultation fee is two guineas.

Beauty Farm, Ltd
The Grange, Henlow,
Bedfordshire
(Clifton 269)

The emphasis here is on beauty – aim is to give women patients the confidence that comes from "a vital, feminine and charming ensemble" and to make men lose "that tired old man appearance and feeling." Specimen daily routine starts with fresh fruit juice and breakfast in bed (8.15) and works its way through physical culture exercises, body treatments, coffee break, rest, lunch, face treatments, rest and relaxation (or additional treatments by arrangement), China tea, cocktail hour (fruit-juice cocktails), dinner and 10 pm bedtime.

The house is early Georgian, stands in its own walled gardens, and additional facilities include tennis courts, croquet lawn, badminton court and boating. Single room fees are from 35 to 65 guineas.

BRIDES OF THE WEEK

Miss Jacqueline Dawn Forster, actress daughter of Mr and Mrs S A Forster of 19 Cadogan Lane, SW1, married Mr Henrick Bessermann-Nielson, son of Mr and Mrs Pol Bessermann-Nielson of Copenhagen, Denmark, at St Michael's Church, Chester Square, SW1. The bride's dress is in white Thai silk. The style is high-waisted with lily of the valley around the sleeves; the head-dress is made of Brussel's lace. The honeymoon is a tour of Scotland. They will live in Copenhagen, where the bridegroom is an engineer.

Mr Charles Radford, son of Brigadier and Mrs J Radford of Brantingham, Brough, Yorkshire, married Miss Julia Roberta Lauder, daughter of Colonel and Mrs Lauder of the White House, White End Lane, Latimer, Buckinghamshire, at St Michael's Church, Chester Square, SW1. The bride's dress is made of wild silk with lace and a small train. The honeymoon is in Greece.

Mr Anthony Gair, elder son of Mr and Mrs Wilfrid Humble Gibson of Linnel Hill, Hexham, Northumberland, married Miss Bryony Ellis, daughter of Major and Mrs Timothy Ellis of Mendham Mill, Harleston, Norfolk, at St Anselm and St Cecilia, Kingsway. *Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau.*

Miss Brenda Bishop, dress-designer daughter of Mr and Mrs Alfred Henry Bishop of Vicarage Road, Sheffield, married Mr Martin Beech, son of Mr and Mrs Stanley Beech of Highe Dale Cottage, Delph, Oldham, at St Michael's, Chester Square, SW1. The bride's dress was in white jersey, with a gold mesh snood and organdie flowers as a head-dress. The honeymoon is in Paris, and the couple will live in London. The bridegroom is a school teacher.

Miss Phyllida Barlow, daughter of Dr Erasmus Barlow, married Fabian Peake, son of artist-poet Mervyn Peake, at Richmond Parish Church. The bride, a sculptress, bought her lace veil while she was on holiday at Chantilly. *Picture by Kate Rivers.*

Above: Mr David John New, son of Mr and Mrs New of Catford, SE6, married Miss Alexandra Jane Hayward, daughter of Mrs Hayward of 87 York Mansions Prince of Wales Drive, SW11, at St Stephen's, Rochester Row, SW1.
Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau

Right: Captain Alastair Sutherland Grant Drew, son of Colonel Ian S Drew, and Mrs Drew of Stockmans, Blackstone, Henfield, Sussex, married Miss Philippa Curtis Mawdsley, daughter of Mr and Mrs Philip Sprott, at Thame, Oxfordshire.
Picture by Society Wedding Press

THEATRE

Accent on the ladies this week, with Fenella Fielding moving from The Mermaid to the Comedy in *Let's Get a Divorce*, and at the Strand Honor Blackman making her first stage appearance for a dozen years in *Wait Until Dark*. In many ways both actresses have managed to shed their respective images, built up over the years, for these appearances. Miss Fielding, instead of appearing like a swooping Beardsley print or a mini-Gingold, emerges sweet, tamed and a much more coherent actress. Miss Blackman, without leather togs, judo and overtones of butch, becomes feminine, gentle and, I'm afraid, rather ordinary.

Racy English

Let's Get a Divorce was written by Sardou and Emile de Najac, and has been translated into racy, flexible modern English, with only a few lapses ("keep your eyes peeled" is one), by Angela and Robert Goldsby. It was probably vivaciously topical when written – the pivot being: will divorce be allowed in France? But the real subject is the familiar one of once you are over the fence, the grass you have left seems greener. Cyprienne thinks she is unhappily married to an older man, and encourages a young lover. When she realises that a divorce is actually possible the situation loses its charm.

Personality stress

Unlike the works of Feydeau (with which there are certain superficial assonances), Sardou's comedy does not rely on the interplay of many characters and mechanical plot confusion, but on the personalities of the three main characters. In the first act, when she is required to be militant about the marriage system, Fenella Fielding seemed strained, unsure. But once the tables are turned and she must woo back her own husband, Miss Fielding swings into it beautifully. The celebrated voice is well under control and only allowed to plummet down the octaves at certain moments, making them really potent – her repetition of the phrase: "He's a ninny," varying the accent, is delicious. She is well matched with Hugh Paddick as the husband, giving a performance of great suavity and polish. The smaller parts are brilliantly done, especially Ken Wynne, and Robin Midgley's direction imposes that formality of pace and movement so necessary to this type of artificial comedy.

No mystery

Wait Until Dark has been written by Frederick Knott who has compiled some brilliant murder mysteries. This one must be called a thriller, I suppose. There is no mystery; the opening scene explains precisely what it's all about, Alfie, and from then on we sit back and watch it all happen.

Two good-looking thugs who are expert con men, and a sadistic operator, set themselves the task of retrieving a heroin-packed doll which has been lost in Honor Blackman's flat. It had been palmed off on her photographer husband in Amsterdam who has unwittingly smuggled it through customs.

Clever bit

The clever bit is that Miss Blackman is required to be blind, and the only tension is in discovering how long she can be conned. The device soon wears thin; all the old tricks are paraded – based on the notion that blind people hear acutely and therefore discern things that a sighted person would not notice. By half-way through the second act Miss Blackman has discovered all and the last 10 minutes show her defeating the gang single-handed. She gropes her way bravely through the play, arms outstretched, the whites of her eyes showing, knocking over stools and cleverly pointing out that someone has squeaky shoes. The final confrontation between her and the sadist (Peter Sallis in one of several disguises) takes place largely in the dark. There are tricks, red herrings and tiny reversals all the way through; the audience was gripped and roared at the curtain calls.

Manuela Vargas is one of the most idolised Flamenco dancers in Spain today, and from 2 August she and her company of 15 artists will be appearing at the Prince of Wales Theatre for a month's season. Miss Vargas, last in London two years ago, is a genuine Gipsy and was born in Seville 21 years ago. Her style of dancing is Flamenco of the purest kind.

More musical Dickens

The latest management partnership on the scene, Jerry Wayne and Stanley Gordon, are working hard on their new musical based on *A Tale of Two Cities*. Already they have *The King's Mare* – their first production – doing well, but the musical promises to be of spectacular proportions. I gather a number of internationally famous stars have been approached to play Carton, and they have their eyes on Drury Lane.

By the end of the year the field for musicals should be wide open. *On the Level* comes off soon and there are heavy rumours that *Oliver* will end its six year run in the autumn. And what about *The Sound of Music?* – a number of managements are anxious to get their hands on to London's second best theatre for musicals.

roger baker

WEST END CURRENT

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's (TEM 5122). Mona Washbourne as a fearsome mother in expertly written, cast and directed black comedy. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45), 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville (TEM 4871). Pungent revival of deliciously nasty comedy. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler stir the brew. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

THE BELLOW PLAYS, Fortune, Russell Street (TEM 2238). Miriam Karlin and Harry Towb in three short duologues. *Out from Under, Orange Soufflé* and – probably the most amusing – *The Wen*. 8.15 (ends 10.20). Th & Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.35), 8.15 (ends 10.20). Opened 23 June 1966

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, Mayfair (MAY 3036). It's a bit behind it now, but even the 50th cast change pleasantly revives nostalgia for the good old days of satire. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened: 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace (VIC 1317). It would make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.20) 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

Gary Miller, recovered from his illness that made him miss the first night, is now back in "Come Spy With Me."

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess (TEM 8243). Nicholas Parsons (Peter Byrne from 8 Aug) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

BREAD AND BUTTER, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn (CHA 7040). Glasgow-Jewish case histories reviewed by Cecil P Taylor, who is admired and directed by Michael Geliot, also admired. 7.45. Re-opens 8 Aug until 20 Aug

THE CHANGELING, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre (see above). A look at Jacobean high-jinks, attributed to Thomas Middleton and William Rowley. 7.30. Sat: 5.0. Ends 6 Aug

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends

5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall (WHI 6692). Danny la Rue changes his drag a dozen times but Barbara Windsor does get a look in during the high camp routines. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May 1966

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge, Earlham Street (TEM 6056). William Douglas-Home teases with suggestion of infidelities, and gets a giggle from hints of incest. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10), 8.30 (ends 10.40). Opened 27 Apr 1966

Vanessa Redgrave assumes a slight Edinburgh accent and bags of authority for "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie."

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (TEM 8106). The transatlantic bombshell has become a touch cosy with Dora Bryan wow-wow-wowing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HE WAS GONE WHEN THEY GOT HERE, Mermaid, Blackfriars (CIT 7656). Bernard Miles and Peter Bayliss in yet another play from Bill Naughton. 6.10, 8.45

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus (TEM 2443). Hermione Baddeley is now the radio actress who loses her part, and Andrée Melly her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55), 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick (TEM 4601). Extended bedroom farce with the delectable Glynis Johns playing Anne of Cleves to Keith Michell's Henry VIII. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.15)

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street (WHI 2578). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in a polished English version of Sardou's comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.40). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10)

LONDON LAUGHS, Palladium (GER 7373). London is actually a bit more sophisticated than this, but Jimmy Tarbuck is engaging, Harry Secombe booming and Anita Harris swinging. 6.15 (ends 8.30), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May 1966

MANUELA VARGAS and her Company of Flamenco Dancers, Prince of Wales (WHI 8681). This, they say, is the authentic sweaty flamenco. 8.0. W: 2.30. Sat: 6.0, 8.45. Opened 2 Aug 1966

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park (HUN 1813). If it doesn't rain on you, here's the ideal Shakespeare setting. 7.45 (ends 10.30). W, Th, Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15)

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street (TEM 1171). The only people who haven't now seen this 14-year-old murder mystery are the North Korean World Cup team. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30)

OLIVER! New Theatre (TEM 3878). A great original, a touch sweetened by its long run, but great for the kids. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

THE OWL & THE PUSSYCAT, Criterion (WHI 3216). Lovely Diana Sands is a kooky pussycat and Anton Rodgers the wise old owl – and they get together. 8.15 (ends 10.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Wed: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's (TEM 3028). Muriel Spark's dry, witty novel in a watery adaptation, but totally redeemed by Vanessa Redgrave in the title role. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 Mar 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH. Lyric (GER 3868). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Conventional in harmony and style, but as comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have woman trouble, not aided by the insufficiencies of the telephone. M-Th 8.15 (ends 10.25). F, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10), 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

Brian Oulton plays opposite his wife Peggy Thorpe-Bates (as husband and wife) in Pinero's "The Thunderbolt."

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 18 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15)

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. Ruth Dunning is mother. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June 1966

THE THUNDERBOLT, New Arts (TEM 3334). Welcome revival of a rare Arthur Wing Pinero study of a family in combat over a will. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.0. Opened 3 Aug, ends 27 Aug

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand Theatre, Aldwych (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer unwittingly involved in dope-peddling. 7.45. Th: 3.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 27 July 1966

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket (WHI 9832). Reasonably starry revival of one of Shaw's less convincing comedies, but Sir Ralph Richardson is virtuosic. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45), 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan, ends 17 Sept

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre (SLO 1745). UBU ROI. Iain Cuthbertson's production (with Hockney designs) of one-time scandalous play. Max Wall, in heavy make-up, plays the lead. 7.30. Sat: 3.0

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, (WAT 7616). TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS by Pinero (Th 4 Aug-Sat 6 Aug). Tender, sentimental and captivating backstage story. 7.30 (ends 10.15). Sat mat: 2.15 (ends 5.0)

LOVE FOR LOVE, by Congreve (T 9-W 10 Aug). Golden and sensuous production of a Restoration classic. Laurence Olivier as a fop, Joyce Redman as a gossip, Geraldine McEwan the heroine. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue (REG 1166). A FLEA IN HER EAR by Feydeau (Th 4-Sat 6 Aug). Geraldine McEwan heavily involved in the prototype in-and-out-of-doors farce. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat mat: 2.15 (ends 4.45)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre (TEM 6404). THE METEOR by Dürrenmatt (Th 4, Sat 6 and M 8 Aug). Patrick Magee as the man who sees all around him dying, yet keeps getting resurrected himself. 8.0. Sat mat: 2.30

DAYS IN THE TREES, by Marguerite Duras (F 6 and W 10 Aug). Peggy Ashcroft in another virtuoso performance as a heavy-eating, heavy-talking mother, with George Baker as her son. 8.0 (ends 10.5)

TANGO, by Mrozek (T 9 Aug). Michael Williams is the son who comes home to reorganise his family. 8.0 (ends 10.15)

Patrick Magee dies twice in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "The Meteor," by Durrenmatt.

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE (OCH3 86333). MACBETH (Th 4, Sat 6 (mats); F 5, M 8, W 10 Aug). 7.0. Mats: 2.0

THE CHERRY ORCHARD by Chekhov. Th 4, Sat 6, T 9 Aug. Celia Johnson as Ranevska; distinguished cast occasionally pins down the elusive atmosphere. 7.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon (OST9 2271). TWELFTH NIGHT (Th 4 Aug). Diana Rigg assumes boy's clothes as Viola in Clifford Williams' aromatic production. 2.0

HENRY IV PART I (Th 4 and Sat 6 Aug). Th 7.30. Sat 2.0

HAMLET (F 5 Aug). More chances to see David Warner's extremely contemporary interpretation, Peter Hall's exciting production. 7.30

HENRY IV PART II (Sat 6 Aug). 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Guildford (OGU3 60191). A FAMILY AND FORTUNE. A feast of brilliant spaking, from people like Joyce Carey and Catherine Lacey, plus costumes by Beaton. 7.45. Th mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0 & 8.0

ARTS THEATRE CAMBRIDGE. 1, 2, 4 Aug: THIEVES' CARNIVAL, Jean Anouilh's early *pièce rose* directed by Richard Cottrell. 3, 5, 6 Aug. With Sylvia Syms, Isla Blair. 8.15. Sat: 5.0, 8.15. From 8 Aug same company with same repertory at New Theatre, Oxford

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). BARRY SMITH'S THEATRE OF PUPPETS. 8.0. Sat: 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). BRIAR ROSE. Sat 6 Aug: 3.0 & 5.0. A special show for the very young 11 am.

LITTLE THEATRE, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). EXIT THE KING. Until Sun 7 Aug. 8.0. Sun: 7.30

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS – Victorian Music Hall. M & T: 8.0. W-Sat: 8.0

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). DEAR CHARLES. Until Sat 6 Aug: 8.0. Sat Mat: 5.0

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? Until Sat 6 Aug: 8.0. Th & Sat Mats: 2.30

NEW THEATRE, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). PINOCCHIO. Daily 2.0 & 5.0

PALACE THEATRE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (WA 25671). WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? 7.45. Sat Mat: 4.45

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Hornchurch, Essex (HX4 3333). BUSYBODY. 8.0. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0 & 8.15. (Not Mon)

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). MURDER BY ALL MEANS. Until Sat 6 Aug: 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (WK 61107). PRESENT LAUGHTER with Peter Gray, Vanessa Lee. M, W, Th: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. T & F: 8.0. Sat: 4.45, 8.0

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). A SEVERED HEAD. Until Sat 6 Aug: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

FILMS

I would be wise not to make too many cutting (ouch!) remarks about the length of *Nevada Smith* (A, Plaza, Piccadilly Circus, currently), as I have been told that, since the magazine showing of the film, cuts have been made which have proved of great benefit. I think, though, that it's only because I like watching Westerns so much that I enjoyed watching Steve McQueen as a country boy on a long, long hunt for the trio of vicious killers who have savagely tortured and killed his parents.

This is just how I imagined John Michael Hayes would tackle a Western. The script is merely an extension of his words in *The Carpetbaggers*, very lengthy and packed with characters: full of blood, action, and scarcely veiled moralising, with sex thrown at the plot in the hope that it will sink in somewhere, rather in the way that those headache pills beat the absorption barrier. Star actors fill all the many main parts, although only Arthur Kennedy's convict on the run sticks for any length of time in the memory.

Alan Bates stars in Philippe De Broca's lunatic comedy, "The King of Hearts."

Janet Margolin's subtle talents are sadly wasted as a pin-up Indian girl.

Still, the batch of familiar faces in supporting roles, some of whom haven't been around film-wise for quite a time (like Howard Da Silva or Lyle Bettger) is some compensation. So is Lucien Ballard's splendidly detailed colour photography, just as adept at following a night-time knife-fight as a lone rider in panoramic daytime view.

Though *Nevada Smith* is hardly ever dull, there isn't the tight participation in the man-hunt that there should be, nor could I raise passionate interest in its outcome.

● Wise, too, not to write too much about *The Sandwich Man* (U, London Pavilion, currently), but for different, sadder reasons. Michael Bentine, who I have always admired greatly, has had an interesting idea, but it has misfired horribly. There's a feeble attempt to integrate a linking story (about the sandwich man's racing pigeon) with an interminable series of set-up outdoor farcical situations, but the fact remains that this isn't a film, just a series of pier-end sketches. Norman Wisdom and Stanley Holloway are amusing as, respectively, a boxing vicar and a gardener who looks like one of his own delphiniums, but otherwise a large star cast fails to register.

david quinlan

WEST END

openings

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (U). William Wyler's first comedy since *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn as a professional art thief bent on acquiring a Cellini nude, and Peter O'Toole, an elegant detective who becomes her partner in crime. Though skilfully contrived, the film lacks any real spirit and gusto. (Hugh Griffith, Charles Boyer, Eli Wallach. Col. 123 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket.* WHI 3711. *New Victoria.* VIC 2544 (not evening, 6 Aug: Clay-London fight, closed circuit TV) and *Kensington Odeon.* WES 0131. Opens 4 August

LA REGLE DU JEU (A). One of the finest examples of Jean's equivocal style. Made in 1939. A gentle satire of upper-class life and values. (Marcel Dalio, Nora Gregor. Sub-titles. 110 min.) With: *The Passenger* (X). Director, Munk. 62 min. *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. Opens 4 August

current

ARABESQUE (A). Cinematic high jinks are taken to excess, although it is sporadically amusing. Sophia Loren – a mystery girl – and Gregory Peck – a university professor – puzzle over a plot involving indecipherable message in hieroglyphics. (Alan Badel. Col. 105 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.20, 3.50, 6.25, 9.0. Sun: 3.50, 6.25, 9.0

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Pier Angeli. Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

BECKET (A). Peter Glenville's extremely successful costume spectacle of the play about Thomas A'Becket by Anouilh, with Richard Burton as Becket and Peter O'Toole as a showy, near hysterical Henry II. (Martita Hunt, Sian Phillips. Col. 149 min.) *Metropole, Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0. Ends 10 August

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard is an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal the Kaiser's air force can gain. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) *Odeon, Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0 (not evening, 6 Aug: Clay-London fight, closed circuit TV)

CUL-DE-SAC (X). Roman Polanski turns a deft hand to black comedy. Donald Pleasence plays a pathetic middle-aged man and Françoise Dorleac his bored and flighty young wife. Holy Island provides magnificent location shots. (Lionel Stander. 111 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Pgm: 1.0, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.20

DALEKS – INVASION EARTH 2150 AD (U). Dr Who has only a few rels (Dalek unit of time) to prevent the extermination of earth. Lots of pace and noise make this a must for indoctrinated children. (Peter Cushing, Ray Brooks. Col. 84 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. 12.30, 2.10, 5.0, 8.0. Sun: 2.35, 5.20, 8.0

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

A FINE MADNESS (A). Sean Connery, far away from Bond territory, as a rebellious Greenwich Village poet, in a bright, brittle comedy with some unhappily macabre moments. Joanne Woodward is in excellent form as his long-suffering wife. (Patrick O'Neal, Clive Revill, Jean Seberg. Col. 104 min.) *Warner, Leicester Square.* GER 3423. 1.50, 4.10, 6.35, 9.5. Sat: Late Show 11.35. Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.35

JULIUS CAESAR (U). Joseph L Mankiewicz's powerful film, with fine performances from the leading players, on which the camera largely concentrates. The crowd scenes are particularly effective, and the severe black and white photography is well suited to the dramatic texture. (Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud. 121 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. 12.20, 2.25, 4.35, 6.45, 9.0. Sun: 4.5, 6.15, 8.30

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast, have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson, Richard Johnson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street, W1.* GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

MARY POPPINS (U). Walt Disney's musical about an enchanted nanny, with the most tuneful score in a decade. Dick Van Dyke is the show-stopper as the chimney sweep, pavement artist and one-man band. (Julie Andrews. Col. 139 min.) *Prince Charles, Leicester Place.* GER 8181

MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY (U). German Cinerama semi-documentary, about a party of seacadets who sail aboard a Swedish three-master, to Portugal, Egypt and Yugoslavia. A long voyage. Narrator: Burl Ives. (Col. Cinerama. 115 min.) *Royalty, Kingsway, WC2.* HOL 8004. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.30, 5.45, 8.40. Sun: 5.0, 8.0 (Check with cinema)

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.15, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40. Sat: Late Show 11.55. Sun: 3.25, 5.55, 8.25. (Check with cinema)

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle dreamer, a failed artist, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. (Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl. 97 min.) *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. 2.35, 5.45, 8.45. Sun: 5.45, 8.45. With: *Tokyo Olympiad* (U). (Check with cinema)

NEVADA SMITH (A). Steve McQueen's erratic performance as a half-Indian boy, who sets out to avenge the brutal murder of his parents, and tracks down the three men responsible. Proceedings are far too long-winded. (Brian Keith, Suzanne Pleshette, Karl Malden. Col. 120 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.10, 3.40, 6.5, 8.35. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 2.15, 5.23, 7.58

ONE OF OUR SPIES IS MISSING (U). The fourth UNCLE film. More serious than its predecessors in places, but just as dull, with a very stolid lot of villains. (Robert Vaughn, David McCallum, Vera Miles. Col. 91 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 1.3, 3.7, 5.11, 7.15, 9.19. Sat: Late Show 11.38. Sun 3.3, 5.7, 7.11, 9.15. *Jacey, Marble Arch.* MAY 6396

OTHELLO (U). Faithful record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 6.0

THE SANDWICH MAN (U). A series of farcical outdoor sketches, linked by Michael Bentine's sandwich man. Mostly amazingly unfunny, with a star cast outclone by a runaway motor-mower. Norman Wisdom, Dora Bryan, Terry-Thomas. Col. 95 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 1982. Pgm: 10.55, 12.35, 3.5, 5.40, 8.15. Sun: 3.5, 5.40, 8.15

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Col. 170 min.) *Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, W1.* MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (U). A revival of Cecil B de Mille's lavish pesudo-marathon, with much reverence, but little historical sense. Extras by the thousand. (Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner. Col. 219 min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.30, 7.0. Sun: 6.0

A TRAP FOR CINDERELLA (X). A rather plodding French Italian thriller about a girl who escapes from a fire in which her cousin is killed, inherits a fortune, but becomes a victim of amnesia and comes to believe that she is really her cousin. (Madeleine Robinson, Dany Carrel. 110 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 4193. 12.55, 4.50, 8.50. Sun: 4.50, 8.50. (Check with cinema)

WALK, DON'T RUN (U). Cary Grant's timing has never been better than in this comedy about an English businessman who brings a young girl student and an Olympic walker together, by devious means. (Samantha Eggar, Jim Hutton. Col. 113 min.) *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. 1.39, 3.57, 6.15, 8.38. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 3.57, 6.15, 8.38

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). A middle-aged couple and their violent, utterly destructive quarrels, in which they ruthlessly tear at each other's weaknesses. The couple are well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street.* GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.25. Fri & Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

GENERAL RELEASE

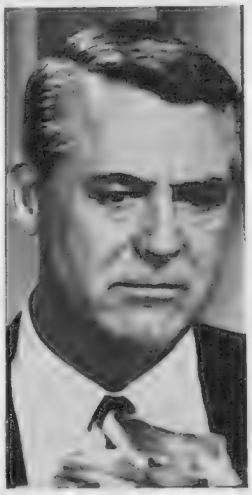
• Sunday programme differs

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

(A jump in sequence indicates a late programme change)

Baker Street Classic. 30, 31, 33, 34.
Belmont Essoldo. 2, 16.
Brixton Classic. 39, 40.
•**Brixton Granada.** 16.
•**Camberwell Grand.** 43.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 35.
Chelsea Classic. 32, 47.
Chelsea Essoldo. 17, 49.
•**Croydon Classic.** 6.
Dalston Classic. 7, 51.
Ealing Walpole. 50.
East Ham Granada. 19.
Edgware Road ABC. 55.
Eltham Hill Gaumont. 57, 58.
Fulham Road ABC. 55.
Hackney Essoldo. 10, 16.
Hammersmith Broadway. 3.
Hampstead Classic. 18.
Hampstead Everyman. 22, 25.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 3.
Hendon Gala. 31.
Highams Park Regal. 8, 15.
•**Islington Rex.** 41.
Kilburn Classic. 42.
Kilburn Grange. 50.
Leytonstone Rialto. 44.
Notting Hill Classic. 28, 36, 37.
Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. 4, 54.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 14.
Praed Street Classic. 53.
Putney Globe. 23.
Queensbury Essoldo. 24, 45.
Raynes Park Rialto. 20, 46.
•**St Pancras Tolmer.** 5.
•**Southfields Plaza.** 26.
•**Stepney Essoldo.** 11.
Stepney Odeon. 45, 56.
•**Stockwell Classic.** 13, 38.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 23, 52.
Tooting Astoria. 16.
Tooting Classic. 39, 42.
Tottenham Palace. 48.
•**Victoria Biograph.** 1, 12.
Waterloo Station Classic. 9, 21.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 29.

RANK RELEASE NORTH



From Fri: WALK, DON'T RUN (U). Cary Grant's – *above* – timing has never been better than in this comedy about an English businessman who brings a young girl student and an Olympic walker together. Not a great film perhaps, but one that's continually enjoyable. (Samantha Eggar, Jim Hutton. Dir: Charles Walters. Col. 113 min.) With: **The Tattooed Police Horse** (U). Ends Th 11 Aug.

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting a whole host of stars for an air race at the beginning of the century. There are some good shots of the early aeroplanes but little or no feeling for comic effect (Stuart Whitman, Sarah Miles, James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe – *above*. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 130 min.) Ends Th 11 Aug.

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: DALEKS – INVASION EARTH, 2150 AD (U). Dr Who has only a few rels (Dalek unit of time) left to prevent the extermination of the earth. Daleks to the left of him, Daleks to the right of him. Lots of pace and noise make this a must for indoctrinated children. (Peter Cushing, Bernard Cribbins, Ray Brooks, Roberta Tovey – *above* Dir: Gordon Flemyng. Col. 84 min.) With: **Indian Paint** (U). Ends Th 11 Aug.

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: PARADISE, HAWAIIAN STYLE (U). Elvis Presley once more finds himself on Hawaii, this time in a flimsy story about the mishaps of a charter pilot. Cues for songs abound and the highlight is a number in which Elvis is backed by a choir of 70 islanders. Bright colour, dull story. (Suzanna Leigh – *above* – James Shigeta, Donna Butterworth. Dir: Michael Moore. Col. 91 min.) With: **Kid Rodelo** (U). Ends Th 11 Aug.

ADVENTURE

1 **Balboa** (U). Frank Latimore. Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph
2 **Batman** (U). J Carroll Naish. Until Sat: Belmont Essoldo
3 **The Black Tulip** (U). Alain Delon. Fri, seven days: Hammersmith Broadway, Harrow Road Prince of Wales
4 **The Canadians** (U). Robert Ryan. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse
5 **Count of Monte Cristo** (U). Louis Jourdan. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer
6 **In Search of the Castaways** (U). Hayley Mills. Fri, six days (not Sun): Croydon Classic. With: Five Weeks in a Balloon (U)
7 **Samson in King Solomon's Mines** (U). Reg Park. Mon, four days: Dalston Classic
8 **Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm** (U). Laurence Harvey, Karl Boehm. Sun, seven days: Highams Park Regal

COMEDIES

9 **Abbott & Costello Meet the Keystone Cops** (U). Fri, three days: Waterloo Station Classic (evenings only)
10 **The Caddy** (U). Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. With: Donovan's Reef (U)
11 **Call Me Bwana** (U). Bob Hope. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo
12 **Carry On Spying** (U). Kenneth Williams. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Youngblood Hawke (A)
13 **Cinderfella** (U). Jerry Lewis. Mon, four days: Stockwell Classic
14 **Do You Believe in Angels?** (A). Jarl Kulle. Oxford Street Cinephone
15 **The Early Bird** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal
16 **The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Dora Bryan. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. Fri, five days (not Sat or Sun): Brixton Granada. Sun, four days: Hackney Essoldo. Sun, seven days: Belmont Essoldo
17 **It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (U). Spencer Tracy, Ethel Merman. Sun, seven days: Chelsea Essoldo
18 **Lady L** (A). Sophia Loren, Paul Newman. Fri, seven days: Hampstead Classic. With: The Dock Brief (U)
19 **Monsieur Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. Sun, seven days: East Ham Granada. With: The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy (U)
20 **Morgan, A Suitable Case for Treatment** (A). Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner. Sun, four days: Raynes Park Rialto
21 **One Good Turn** (U). Norman Wisdom. Mon, four days: Waterloo Station Classic (evenings only)
22 **The Rebel** (U). Tony Hancock. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman
23 **That Darn Cat** (U). Hayley Mills. Until Sat: Putney Globe, Stoke Newington Coliseum
24 **That Riviera Touch** (U). Morecambe & Wise. Sun, 7 days: Queensbury Essoldo
25 **Two-Way Stretch** (U). Peter Sellers. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman
26 **The Wrong Box** (U). John Mills, Ralph Richardson. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza

DRAMA

28 **The Cardinal** (A). Tom Tryon. Mon, four days: Notting Hill Classic
29 **Darling . . .** (X). Julie Christie. Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre
30 **Desirée** (A). Marlon Brando. Fri, three days: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
31 **Eve** (X). Stanley Baker, Jeanne Moreau. Until Sat: Hendon Gala
32 **Goodbye Again** (A). Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Perkins. Fri, three days: Chelsea Classic. Late show Sat 11.30 pm
33 **The Last Angry Man** (U). Paul Muni. Fri 5 Aug only, 11.15 pm: Baker Street Classic
34 **Paris Blues** (X). Paul Newman. Mon, four days: Baker Street Classic
35 **To Love** (X). Harriet Andersson, Zbigniew Cybulski. Charing Cross Road Jacey
36 **A Town Like Alice** (A). Peter Finch, Virginia McKenna. Fri, three days: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
37 **The Unknown Soldier** (X). Kosti Klemela. Fri 5 Aug only: 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Classic

MUSICALS

38 **Captain January** (U). Shirley Temple. Friday, two days: Stockwell Classic
39 **GI Blues** (U). Elvis Presley. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic, Tooting Classic
40 **Girls! Girls! Girls!** (U). Elvis Presley. Fri, three days: Brixton Classic
41 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews, Dick van Dyke. Until Sat: Islington Rex. Sun, seven days: Tooting Astoria
42 **Robin & the Seven Hoods** (U). Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin. Fri, seven days: Kilburn Classic. Fri, three days: Tooting Classic
43 **Roustabout** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand
44 **The Wizard of Oz** (U). Judy Garland. Fri, seven days: Leytonstone Rialto. With: Tom Thumb (U)

THRILLERS

45 **Espionage in Lisbon** (U). Brett Halsey. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo. Fri, three days, Stepney Odeon
46 **The Moving Target** (A). Paul Newman. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto
47 **Seven Days in May** (U). Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas. Mon, four days: Chelsea Classic
48 **The Spy Who Went Into Hell** (A). Pascale Petit. Fri, seven days: Tottenham Palace
49 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo

WESTERNS

50 **Broken Lance** (U). Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark. Fri, seven days: Ealing Walpole, Kilburn Grange. With: The Enemy Below (U)
51 **Buffalo Bill, Hero of the Far West** (U). Gordon Scott. Fri, three days: Dalston Classic
52 **Gunfight at High Noon** (U). Richard Harrison. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum
53 **The Man from Laramie** (U). James Stewart. Fri, seven days: Praed Street Classic
54 **These Thousand Hills** (U). Stuart Whitman, Don Murray. Mon, three days: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse

PRE-RELEASE

55 **One of Our Spies is Missing** (U). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. Fri, seven days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Hold On! (U)

STOP PRESS

56 **Doctor in Clover** (A). Leslie Phillips, John Fraser. Mon, four days: Stepney Odeon
57 **The First Texan** (U). Joel McCrea. Mon, four days: Eltham Hill Gaumont
58 **Goliath, King of the Slaves** (U). Gordon Scott. Fri, three days, Eltham Hill Gaumont

FILMS IN FLIGHT

Air France, West-bound. To New York: Where the Spies Are (David Niven, Françoise Dorléac. Dir: Val Guest). To Los Angeles and Montreal: The Rare Breed (James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara. Dir: Andrew V McLaglen). Until 9 Aug
PAN-AM, West-bound: Arabesque (Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren. Dir: Stanley Donen). **East-bound:** The Big Hand for the Little Lady (Henry Fonda, Joanne Woodward. Dir: Fielder Cook). Until 31 Aug

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GALLERIES

The ideal lighting is one that is *not* noticeable, that is, sufficient to reveal what there is in the picture without over-dramatising a work of art that has its own internal visual drama already very carefully adjusted by the artist.

Perfection? Perhaps Rembrandt's *Portrait of Jan Six*, hanging in the Six family house, possibly in its original position on a right-hand wall, the light falling through a window in the same direction as it falls in the picture itself, and the picture viewed from across the room past an opened window shutter that shields the actual source of light from the eyes of the onlooker. But that marvellous experience involves a work in which chiaroscuro is an integral part. How about the Altamira Cave paintings, painted, let alone looked at by flickering lamplight? And early Renaissance Italian pictures, for all the sun-drenched quality of the country, were images that made use of fugitive effects of illumination – candles in the churches catching the raised or engraved and gilt surfaces of the saints, and

The Lissitsky (Russian Constructivist 1890-1941) exhibition in September at the Grosvenor will include much not seen before in the West.

turning them into mysterious and impressive presences.

I have myself complained here of the sometimes inconsistent lighting in the National Gallery but it is certainly noticeable that a major work such as Ucello's *Battle of San Romano* is most carefully presented so that the harmonious and poetic colouring softens and modifies the obvious and jolly brilliance of the design.

Now we accept, almost without noticing, that an exhibition like the 19th and 20th century masters at the Marlborough is hung in a room without windows. There we can look at paintings which are artefacts but many of them are nature orientated if not painted in the open air.

Elsewhere we are faced with works of art that not only make use of reflecting metals and mirrors, and in movement project light outwards over walls and over us, but contain or consist of neon tubing. Public galleries that attempt to present anything like an accurate survey of our present artistic activity will increasingly have to design a varied and flexible environment to display such works, something more like the actual environment we live in daily. And this surely is a good thing.

keith sutton

Left: "Au babaret" by C H K Nerée Tot Babberich at the Picca illy. Right: "Hercules and Nessus," bronze by Giovanni Bologna at I ence.

OPENING

GROSVENOR, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0491. 20th century masters. 9-26 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

KASMIN, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821 118 Show: including Noland Morris, Louis Frankenthaler and Bonnard
12 Aug-10 Sept. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AGNEW, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Old Masters under £300. Until Sept. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

C H K DE NEREE TOT BABBERICH (1880-1909), Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Drawings. watercolours and gouaches by aristocrat and self-taught artist. Also Michael Upton: drawings. Until 27 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BARRY FLANAGAN, Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Sculpture in mixed media. Until 1 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

GIMPELS FILS, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Summer Exhibition. Until 3 Sept. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

GRABOWSKI, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Painters and sculptors of today. Until Sept. Daily 10-6

GROSVENOR, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Collage: including Schwitters, Dubuffet, Magritte, Mesens etc. Until 26 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HAMILTON, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Trends & Movements. Until 10 Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HANOVER, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. The Poetic Image. Until Sept. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

HEIM GALLERY, 59 Jermyn Street, W1. HYD 0688. Italian paintings and sculpture of the 17th and 18th centuries. Until 31 Aug. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

DAVID HOCKNEY, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Drawings for Cavafy poems. Until 6 Aug. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17/18 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Relief structures by Gibson, Jones, Lowe and Tilberis. Also Bernard Gay reliefs and prints in Library. Until 13 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

CRANE KALMAN, 178 Brompton Road, SW3. KNI 7566. Mixed exhibition of French and English Modern paintings. 8 Aug Sept. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-1

PAUL KLEE, Brook Stre , 24 Brook Street, W1. HYD 1550. rawings and watercolours. Until Sept M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

McROBERTS & TUNNAR , 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Mixed summer exhibition. Until 31 Aug. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-

MARLBOROUGH FINE AR S, 39 17/18 Old Bond Street. MA 5161. 19th and 20th century m ters. Until mid-Aug. M-F 10-5, Sa 10-12

MARLBOROUGH NEW LO ON. 17/18 Old Bond Street. MA 5161. Klee and Nolde. Until mi Aug M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

NEW IDIOMS, Robert Fra r, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. roup show, American and Britis and some new faces. Until Sep M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

O'HANA, 13 Carlos Place W1. GRO 1562. French paintin and sculpture. Until 17 Sept. M 9-6, Sat 10-1

ARTHUR TOOTH, 31 uton Street, W1. GRO 6741. 19th and 20th-century French pa ters. Until 13 Sept. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

VICTORIA & ALBERT MU EUM, Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Aubrey Beardsley. Islamic ades. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

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Carpets and rugs, silver and jewellery. Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries 11 am

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) and Old Chelsea Galleries, 75-81 Burnaby Street, SW10 (FLA 0460) – one or two days before sale

The Motcomb Galleries, Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – M & T before sale

music

Ninety is a pretty good age at which to make a Proms comeback. This is the remarkable achievement of Potteries-born composer Havergal Brian, whose Twelfth Symphony will be played at the Albert Hall tonight (Thursday).

You won't find Brian in the reference books. He is Britain's least-known and, his supporters say, most underrated composer. For years he has lived quietly at Shoreham, churning out symphonies, operas, and concertos, most of them unperformed and nearly all unpublished.

Fifty years ago Sir Henry Wood played one of his overtures at the Queen's Hall. Tovey, Beecham and Elgar are said to have thought highly of him. Then, for half a lifetime – oblivion.

In the '50s the BBC's Dr Robert Simpson, himself a composer of standing, took up Brian's cause. Five of his 25 symphonies (14 written in the last 10 years) were broadcast. In 1961 Brian got his biggest breakthrough – a performance at Westminster Central Hall of his fantastic "Gothic" Symphony, which lasts two hours and requires 500 players and singers.

Sir Adrian Boult is to conduct Brian's 44-year-old "Gothic" Symphony at the Albert Hall in October.

According to his champions, Brian is indifferent to recognition and even to performance. He has just gone on writing in cheerful, unembittered obscurity. Some of the claims they make on his behalf – greater symphonist than Vaughan Williams, for instance – strike me as extravagant and hardly supported by impressions of the "Gothic." But I may have to eat my words yet.

Having for years thought of Birgit Nilsson as my ideal Verdi *Requiem* soprano, I suppose it was inevitable I should be disappointed with the new recording (RCA Victor, SER or RE 5537-8). For once the matchless Nilsson voice sounds less than assured, even strained, and not always absolutely on the note.

To some extent this reflects the performance as a whole (Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Chorus), an altogether more deliberate, down-to-earth affair than the great Philharmonia recording under Giulini (HMV, AN or SAN 133-4). Musically admirable, precise and well-balanced, Leinsdorf's forces never achieve that sustained intensity which sweeps through the Giulini version like a devouring flame.

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Promenade Concerts: Th 4 Aug: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Norman Del Mar. Soloists: Peter Katin, piano, Denis Vigay, cello. 7.30
F 5 Aug: London Philharmonic Orchestra & BBC Chorus. Conductor: Malcolm Arnold. Soloists: Alan Loveday, violin, Granville Jones, violin. 7.30
Sat 6 Aug: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloists: Allan Schiller, piano, Frances Mason, violin. 7.30
M 8 Aug: Scottish National Orchestra. Conductor: Alexander Gibson. Soloists: Janet Baker, contralto, Richard Lewis, tenor, Malcolm Binns, piano. 7.30
T 9 Aug: BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Chorus, BBC Choral Society. Conductor: Gary Bertini. Soloist: Clifford Curzon, piano. 7.30
W 10 Aug: BBC Symphony Orchestra, Alexandra Choir, Harrow Choral Society, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, London Philharmonic Choir, Royal Choral Society. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloists: Elaine Blighton, soprano, Shirley Minty, contralto, Robert Tear, tenor, Raimund Herincx, baritone, Peter Katin, piano. 7.30

COURT THEATRE, Holland Park. Sun 7 Aug: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolf Schwartz. 7.30

RECITALS

DUTCH CHURCH, Austin Friars, EC2. T 9 Aug: Gordon Phillips, organ. 1.0

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, WC2. T 9 Aug: Maureen Jackson, piano. 1.5

ST STEPHEN WALBROOK, EC4. F 5 Aug: Richard Townend, organ. 12.30

OPERA

There are no more opera performances until 5 September

BALLET

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Until Sat 6 Aug: Georgian State Dance Company from the USSR. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30
W 10 Aug: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Carter. Conductor: Aubrey Bowman. The Festival Ballet Company. 7.45

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford (OGU3 60191). M 8 Aug-W 10 Aug: The Harlequin Ballet, Pas de Sylph. Adam/Yuresha, Wright. Principals: Belinda Wright. Jelko Yuresha, Goyo Montero. Also: Divertissement: Seven small items include Jump over the Moon and Tartar Dance. Décor: Eleanor Watts. 7.45

RECORDS

La Bohème, Highlights (HMV ASD 2271 stereo). These excerpts are taken from the Angel set with Mirella Freni an affecting Mimi, and the splendid Nicolai Gedda as Rodolfo. It is, of course, beautifully sung and recorded with Thomas Schippers, conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Teatro dell'opera di Roma, bringing a spacious sensuality to Puccini's score. I still feel gloomy about Highlights discs though; after all, in this case the whole opera is only two discs and some of the slices offered begin and end with a painful abruptness, notably Musetta's waltz, which should have been continued to the end of the act surely. A pretty record however, and a nice souvenir of Freni's performance in the film of Zefirelli's La Scala production recently shown in London

Sibelius: Great Tone Poems (HMV ASD 2272 stereo). Here Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra do great justice to a frequently underestimated section of Sibelius's output. *Finlandia, Karelia* and *Valse Triste* arrive beautifully fresh and unaffected; *Pohjola's Daughter* and *Lemminkainen's Return,* less familiar works perhaps, are valuable additions to any collection. This is to be the first of a series of recordings made by Barbirolli devoted to Sibelius which may help to lighten the posthumous eclipse this composer is suffering

Mozart: Three Piano Concerto and Two Piano Concerto (HMV ASD 2280 stereo). The point about this record is that the executants are all Menuhins. Yehudi conducts and the soloists in the Three Piano work (F major) are his sisters Hephzibah and Yalta, and his 14-year-old son Jeremy. In the other work (E flat major) Hephzibah is joined by Fou Ts'ong, Menuhin's son-in-law. Mozart wrote the triple concerto for a family originally; it is graceful, undemanding, quite charming. The double concerto is possibly more serious-minded, but with no less charm. Both works make for good stereo listening

Stravinsky: Pulcinella, complete ballet with song (Decca SXL 6230 stereo). At the behest of the impressario Diaghilev, Stravinsky made this score from works by Pergolesi. Consequently the nine items combine the simplicity and elegance of 18th century form with the harmonic adventure of the 20th. There are a number of recordings of this work around, including a recent one conducted by Stravinsky himself. This version features that Stravinsky expert Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, and very stylish it is, with some brilliant brass and woodwind playing. The soloists are Marilyn Tyler (an excellent soprano), Carlo Franzini (tenor) and Boris Carmeli (bass)

roger baker

JAZZ

London jazz is divided into three parts: the innumerable pubs and clubs that present one-night stands at varying intervals, the pilgrimage to the Gaumont State and the Festival Hall upon the occasion of various divine appearances – and Ronnie Scott's. By New York standards, Ronnie's is the only surviving club worthy of the name – important musicians playing month-long seasons to an adult audience graciously permitted to nurse a real drink and a plastic sandwich into the early hours. Without Ronnie's, where should we be? Half-way out to Foots Cray in search of the Medway Rhythm Kings, no doubt. All this only goes to show, before I launch into the place, how much I love, esteem and worship it, Ron.

High Speed Honk

However, the occasion of Johnny Griffin's present season – which lasts another fortnight – raises one of my nagging worries about Scott's. No doubt there are the most compelling financial reasons for it, but it does seem a pity that so many of the attractions at the club boil down to a saxophonist plus the Stan Tracy Trio. Getz, Rollins, Kirk, carry the whole thing off brilliantly: lesser instrumentalists can become very boring. Griffin, at least when I heard him, has a limited number of melodic and dynamic ideas. Once you've heard 130 choruses of high-speed honk interspersed with piano passages, lengthy bass breaks, and everybody swapping fours with the drummer, you've heard it.

Audience-baiting

There's usually the proprietor's unique line in audience-baiting, and a competent girl singer to help pass the evening, but during the main attraction one yearns for an alternative horn. Rehearsal problems may handicap any scheme to pair up the visitor with a native trumpet, trombone or alto, and money, I imagine, explains the infrequency of double-act importations. Still, it would be nice if the club could persuade a few more non-saxophonists to play a season. After Griffin, there will be alto Charlie Mariano, and then, a rare treat, the entire Horace Silver Quintet. But the most likely attraction after that is Roland Kirk – which I refuse to count as two separate horns. Without wishing for importation of cocktail-trumpet *à la* Jones and Edison, how about a change from reeds, please?

colin bell

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GOOD EATING

Britain's housewives are not the only ones to have suffered from the current World Cup mania. Many London restaurateurs made the painful discovery during the contest that all those foreign fans they were looking forward to feeding were hooked on 22 men and a leather ball. Does this mean that the soccer fans don't eat? No, sirree. They eat all right – in Wembley.

Many of them found their way to a Chinese restaurant opposite the Stadium, Fung Tse Yuan, Wembley Park Drive. To book, phone WEM 2391. The restaurant is open *every* day, from 11.30 am to 3 pm and 6 pm to 12 midnight.

I do urge Chinese food-lovers to go there, and I reckon it's safe for food lovers all round (not to mention food lovers who *are* all round). Unlike some other Eastern and Asiatic cuisines, Chinese at its best is varied and delicately flavourful.

The Fung Tse Yuan is a Peking-style restaurant, which is the *haute cuisine* of China. It offers a menu of conventional Chinese dishes, modestly priced but very well prepared. Its forte lies in a selection of Peking dishes with three set menus at 25s, 30s, and 35s per mouth.

At 25s you start with three shreds soup, Pacific prawns in a ginger and tomato sauce, pork fillet in a sweet sour sauce served on hot crispy rice, chicken and cashew nuts in a red bean sauce (this is great!), pork-filled dumplings, a vegetable dish. Terrific value for parties of three to six.

At 30s you get Peking Roast Duck too, and the 35s spread is a veritable feast. The duck costs 63s when ordered on its own, and will serve several, six or seven easily. You roll slices of the crisp-skinned bird in wheaten pancakes with chopped spring onions and red bean sauce. Lick your fingers well afterwards.

Mr Wang, manager and co-owner of Fung Tse Yuan, with a meal in itself for seven people: a Peking duck.

Mongolian Hot Pot starts at 25s, and is virtually a meal in itself. This is a light broth served in a round copper chafing dish heated by a central funnel of charcoal. Plates of fresh lean beef, lamb and prawns are set before you, cut wafer thin; you cook the bits and pieces with your chopsticks in the simmering broth. Vegetables, Chinese mushrooms, etc, are added to the mixture from time to time (plus transparent noodles) and you end the meal by drinking the rich soup which you have really prepared at the table.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30-3, 5.30-11 (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Pride of this restaurant is their oyster section – they have their own beds near Colchester. Quite a good wine list. Bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. A simple, wonderful place. Start off with pasta. Veal dishes, of course, and also pork. Finish off with cheese, *crema caramella* or *zabaglione*. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

RULE'S, English, Maiden Lane, WC2 (TEM 5314). Mon-Sat 12.15-3 and 6-11.20 (Sat 11), last orders 10.30. Est 1798. A place ladies love, and men feel at home in. The steak & kidney pie is justly famous. Sweets are first-rate. Bill for two, from £2 to £4. CREDIT CARDS: None

RITZ, English, Piccadilly W1 (HYD 8181). Open every day for lunch 12.45-3, and dinner 45-11. Conventional *haute cuisine* with some hefty portions of smoked salmon, a first-rate join and delightful sweets. Around 6 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocar*

SAVOY GRILL, English, rand, WC2 (TEM 4343). Weekday 12-3 and 6-11.30 (last orders). nday 12-3 and 7-11 (last orders). od is almost always brilliant. Am g the large hors d'oeuvres is good selection of cold fish. Bill two £7. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard*

WHEELERS, French, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 7611). Fish only. Mon-Sat 12.30-0, 6-10.45. You can eat well for £1 a head, but average bill for two should be rated from £3-£5 s you please. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners* also their own accounts

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. I've joyed everything one time or nother from the warm and efficient ser-vice to the superb wine. Average bill for two £6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

AROUND TOWN

TOP OF THE TOWER, Maple Street, W1 (MUS 3000). Open every day from 12.15 to 2.30 (last orders) and 6 to 11.15 (last orders). Booking is essential – possibly a few weeks ahead. I have tested this under my own steam now, with a party of six. Our conclusion: the food is first class, and obviously the Top of the Tower is a must for anyone interested in eating around town. One word of advice: tables for two are all on the inside. To be sure of a window seat, go in a party of three or more. As to food, *avocado aux fruits de mer* (12s 6d) is lovely, so too is onion soup (7s 6d), only hors d'oeuvres (12s 6d) disappointed – sardines? at that height? On Sundays there's always a joint, and very good roast beef it was too, and what a lot of it! Also enjoyed: *scampi meunière* (19s 6d), *escalope de veau crème aux champignons* (22s 6d), and *suprème de volaille princesse* (22s 6d). By way of goodies, the trifle is wonderful, the ice-cream a real treat (6s and 6s 6d). Coffee: admirable. Every day but Sunday, there's a very good 30s set lunch. No carafe wines, but a wide selection starting around 25s and quickly topping 30s and £2. I guess you really will pay close on £5 a head. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

OVERTONS, 5 St James's, SW1 (TRA 3774) and 4 Victoria Buildings, SW1 (VIC 3774). Both are open from Monday to Saturday, from 12 to 3 and 6 to 12 (last orders 11.30). Very smooth, very cool, very fine English restaurants (& oyster bars) with the emphasis on fish. I have tested two kinds of meal here: melon, fresh salmon, strawberries; and smoked salmon, haddock monte carlo (with poached egg), *compôte* of figs. Both were excellent. Other dishes include: jellied eels (4s 6d), potted shrimps (5s), turtle soup (6s 6d); sole (15s 6d and 16s 6d), turbot (14s 6d), curried prawns (14s 6d); chicken Maryland (17s 6d), grills from 12s 6d to 21s 6d; rum omelette (7s 6d) and savouries such as hot buttered shrimps (5s 6d). These are the St James's prices. Victoria is usually a couple of bob cheaper per dish. Well, what do you expect from a place in the Buildings? Carafe wine: 16s and 20s. Average bill for two: around £5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners, Bank Credit Cards*

STONE'S CHOP HOUSE, anton Street, SW1 (WHI 0037). Open Monday to Saturday from 12 to 3 and 6 to 12. A large two-floored place. Book for lunchtime. First built 1812, destroyed in the 1939-45 War, now three years revived and remodelled on the Simpsons-in-the-Strand pattern (Savoy own it). So basically it's a dish-of-the-day restaurant, and dishes of every day are the trolleys of roast beef and roast mutton. Both are very good indeed (don't forget to tip the carver). Usual hors d'oeuvres from herring in aspic (4s 6d) to oyster Mornay (11s 6d). Soups include real turtle (4s 6d) and scotch broth (2s 6d). Other main dishes that I think are worth eating anywhere, and particularly here: tripe and onions, lamb cutlets *reformé* (the former at lunch only). Sweets include fresh cream filled brandy snaps (4s), *profiterolles* (4s) and treacle tart and cream (4s 6d). Carafe wines: 15s to 18s 6d. There's a special pre-theatre dinner (as befits the area) at 1 guinea, served from 6 to 7.45 pm only. Average bills (which waiters, otherwise swift and sure, are occasionally slow at bringing, but who cares?): 30s to £2 a head. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocards*

NIGHT OUT

I think Oscar Lerman and Malcolm Fraser have got themselves a hot property. Admittedly at the moment, things are still a bit cool, but they should warm successfully. The property to which I refer so obtusely is The Chi-Chi of St James's, a restaurant/bar/discothèque tucked away in the basement of the new Economist building in St James's.

The place has been open a couple of months now, and business could be brisker but Messrs Lerman and Fraser have an altogether attractive place with a very fair gimmick. This takes the shape of a 52s 6d per head cover charge in the restaurant. But they price the menu so cheaply that prawn cocktails cost 9d and a very handsome T-bone steak a mere 9s 6d.

The net result is that two people can eat well, indulge in the luxury of a bottle of vino and still emerge with a bill for £5 5s. Next to the restaurant is the elegant Panda Bar where, apart from the usual drinks, they offer a selection of Chinese dishes as snacks. A nice idea.

One last fillip – there is parking space available and, with only gentle persuasion, customers can have their cars washed while they dance themselves limpid upstairs.

● Whispers in the West End wind tell me the Blue Angel Club in Berkeley Street will be doing away with their gambling tables very soon. The club has not fallen victim to taxation's march of progress; it's simply a change of policy to encourage early evening visitors.

john viner

Singing for customers at Le Prince, Sheila Munro.

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ALLEGRO, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 8.30 pm-2.30 am. Cabaret 12.30 am. Dinner £2 7s 6d. *Entertainment :* Dancing to 3 bands. Cabaret. Currently: Koran

ANTONIO'S SPANISH RESTAURANT, 3 Long Acre, WC2 (TEM 7511). Midday-3 pm (lunch); 6 pm-3 am (dinner). Open Sundays. Dinner approximately 25s per head plus wine. Dancing. Cabaret between 8.30 pm and midnight. Currently: The Gitanos

EL MOROCCO, 15/16 Gerrard Street, W1 (REG 2931). 10 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret 1 am. No membership fee. Cover charge 10s 6d per head. Scotch, gin, etc. £5. Champagne £5. Wines from 25s

LE PRINCE, 14/16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 6354). Bar lounge 6.30 pm-3.30 am. Restaurant 8 pm-4 am. Closed Sundays. Floor show at midnight. Annual membership 5 guineas. *A la carte* dinner 45s per head. Large menu and wine list. *Entertainment:* Sheila Munro

SAVOY RESTAURANT, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343). 8 pm-2 am. Cabaret at midnight. Dinner, dance and cabaret 52s 6d. *Entertainment:* Tommy Wolf's Latin American Orchestra

THE SOCIETY, 40 Jermyn Street, SW1 (REG 0565). Zodiac bar opens 5.30 pm. Restaurant open 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Evening for two with wine about £5 10s. *Entertainment:* gypsy violinist and cabaret. Currently: Lisa Shane

TALK OF THE TOWN, Theatre Restaurant, Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square, WC2 (REG 5051). Cocktail lounge open 7.30 p.m. Theatre restaurant open 8.15 pm-1.15 am. Inclusive charge for 3-course dinner, dancing and show, 59s 6d (Mon-Fri); 65s (Sat). *Entertainment:* International cabaret star 11 pm. Currently: Johnny Mathis

GAMING

CROCKFORD'S, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (930 2721). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 per 100. Other limits vary. Sat & Sun. Membership 8 guineas. Restaurant and bar

CURZON HOUSE, 20/23 Curzon Street, W1 (HYD 3581). All round the clock. Membership compulsory. 10 guineas a year; joint husband and wife membership 15 guineas. Stakes 5s upwards. Excellent restaurant

THE ESTABLISHMENT, 18 Greek Street, W1 (GER 8111). Gambling starts 11 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Minimum and maximum limits 5s and £5. Food served 8 pm-3 am. Dancing on first floor and basement. Licensed till 3 am

GOLDEN NUGGET, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 6211). Midday till the last member leaves. Membership 21s a year. Limits vary up to £50. Restaurant and licensed bar

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Annual membership 2 guineas. Minimum stake about 5s. Restaurant till midnight

THE VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB, 150/162 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3 a year. Minimum stakes from 2s 6d to £1, maximum from £50 to £600. Restaurant and bar

WINDMILL GAMBLING SALOON, Great Windmill Street, W1 (GER 8552). 4 pm until play ends. Founder membership 10s 6d. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £50. Light refreshments

DISCOTHEQUES

AD LIB AT THE 400, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 10 pm-4 am (excluding Sundays). Membership 10 guineas. No entrance fee. First drink 17s 6d; second 10s 6d. Polynesian food. *Entertainment :* The Kids

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). Restaurant reservations (KEN 9971). 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Mon-Thurs entrance free to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s. Sat 10s 6d girls, 12s 6d men. All alcoholic drinks 3s. *A la carte* menu about £1 per head.

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sundays. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 25s which includes first drink. Chinese food

EMMA'S (at the Yard Arm), River Thames, WC2 (TRA 3001). 10 pm-3 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Cover charge 21s per head which includes first drink. Meals approximately 30s per head plus wine. Restaurant open till midnight

THE IN-PLACE, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 1873). 9 pm-4 am. Licensed till 2.30 am. Annual membership 3 guineas, 1 guinea for three months. Entrance varies from 5s-£1

THE 'PHONE BOOTH, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 2989). Licensed bar 6 pm-2.30 am. Restaurant 8.30 pm-3 am. Membership 21s for three months. *Entertainment:* gaming, stakes vary

SIBYLLA'S, 9 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 7447). 10.30 pm-4 am. Annual membership 7 guineas (membership temporarily closed). Meals approximately 30s per head plus wine. Drinks (miniatures) 12s 6d. Live group every night

DINNER & DANCE

CHINA GARDEN, 66 Brewer Street, W1 (GER 6500 & 8189). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1 am. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* dinner approximately 30s per head plus wine. Dancing from 7.30 pm-1 am. Licensed till 1 am

LA DOLCE VITA, 10 Frith Street, W1 (GER 2774). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1.30 am. Sunday till 12.30 am. La Taverna closed Mondays. *A la carte* dinner in the restaurant 15s 6d minimum. Dinner dancing in La Taverna 32s 6d

DORCHESTER, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 8888). The Terrace Room 12.30 pm-3 pm; 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* only, £4-£5 including wine. *Entertainment:* The New Dorchester Music with Albert Marland. Licence to 1.30 am

GROSVENOR HOUSE RESTAURANT, Park Lane W1 (GRO 6363). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Open every day. Lunch: *table d'hôte* 27s 6d. Dinner: *table d'hôte* 32s 6d. Wines 15s-£3. Whisky 3s 3d. *Entertainment:* Sydney Lipton Band and Los Cinco Ricardos Group

RIVER CLUB, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). 5.30 pm-2 am approx. Annual membership 8 guineas (London); 5 guineas (provincial). 10s 6d cover charge. 42s 6d set dinner. Resident calypso band

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GOOD DRINKING

It is encouraging always to report a success even when it isn't your own. The success in question is that of Spain, whose import and sale of table wines in Britain has reached fairly staggering proportions over the past 10 years. Which means that a high percentage of Britons over the decade made their first acquaintance with wine through the Spanish variety and it was no bad apprenticeship. Not that some mistakes were not made in the beginning, especially in the way the wines were named. There were, there still are, Spanish Burgundies, Graves Sauternes. There was almost a Spanish champagne but some litigation put a stop to that.

The French did not approve the nomenclature, so much was understandable. But in any case the labelling practice did a disservice to both countries, because it tended to obscure the fact that Spanish wines were good in their own right and not to be regarded as copies or imitations of anything.

The best that could be said was that the naming device provided a means of identification so that the private person could obtain some idea of the characteristic of the wine.

Now it's history

Most of this is history now and the tendency is for Spanish wines to be marketed under labels that borrow nothing from any other country. But Spanish sales certainly made inroads into the French, not surprisingly when one considered comparative prices. A deal of undercutting went on among retail outlets over here and I can remember one provincial store with bottles of Spanish white at 5s 6d in the window. You won't find it at that figure now, but prices both for the French and Spanish product have sorted themselves into an equitable range, and the competition now is in quality and personal taste rather than domestic economics.

The moral of the foregoing can be marked in the list of Spanish table wines issued by George G Sandeman Sons & Co Ltd, of 20 St Swithins Lane under their Sarano label. Begin with the Valdepeñas at 9s 3d. It comes from Don Quixote's province of La Mancha and is a red wine, light in body, which can even be drunk lightly chilled. There are Spanish Burgundies, Graves, Sauternes and Chablis, all at 8s 6d, and a rosé wine from Utiel called Vino Rosada that is an excellent buy at 8s 9d.

But for me the place of honour on the list goes to the Rioja Reserva at 10s 6d.

john salt

Pretty barmaids: first in a new series. Mrs Margaret Wooder of the Square Rigger, King William Street.

PUBS

THE PRINCE OF WALES, 274 Holloway Road, N7. HOR 3743. If you're trekking through the Holloway hinterland, drop in for a dram. Two big bars, with two big blazing coal fires giving the cheer touch in the saloon section. Service is quiet, but quick, and on the odd evening the pounding piano gives the place that old London pub atmosphere

SPREAD EAGLE, 8 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 5519. Lunchtime food service, and relaxing after-the-office spot for people working in and around Oxford Street. Convenient meeting place to start a night out, but beware the tantalising Doubles Bar upstairs if you want to move on to a movie or theatre

BUILDERS ARMS, 1 Kensington Court Place, W8. WES 3497. Cosy evening nookery, where some of the loveliest girls in London drink with some of the most incredible chinless wonders, and cast sad eyes round the bar as the conversation bores. Things banal, however, are lightened by the service and chaff of Mert, one of the original Irish barmen, and his colleagues. They're all darlin' bhoys

THE MAGDALA TAVERN, 2 Southhill Park, NW3. HAM 2527. The notoriety of a murder on its doorstep has mercifully not turned the Mag into a morbid, touristy curiosity. Wartime minesweeper skipper Jack Colson presides over the bar with wife Stella. Early evening, the pub is invariably used only by local residents. Round 9 pm the bed-sitter and flatlet people home in from all over Hampstead. Well-known faces can look in without being hounded

SILVER CROSS, 33 Whitehall, SW1, WHI 8350. Small and old, with a fascinating history. It is one of the handful of pubs licensed by Buckingham Palace. Originally built in 1253, it became a gaming house in 1634. Licensed as a hostelry in 1674. Now used by discriminating passers-by, with a regular trade of men from the Ministries and chair-borne staff officers who reminisce on the war

COCKTAIL TIME

SPANISH BAR, THE CHANDOS, St Martin's Lane, WC2. TEM 2592. Intimate cellar, where the Spanish atmosphere is restrained. Popular starting point with couples delving into the West End . . . but many stay on, particularly on Tuesday to Friday evenings, when there's dancing to the El Trio Lorca group. In winter, try their home-mulled wine at 3s 6d a glass

OLD WINE SHADES, 6 Martin Lane, EC4, MAN 6876. The oldest wine house in the City of London. Situated off Cannon Street, it survived the Great Fire and the blitz. Built in 1663 as a "drinking hostelry," it has atmosphere and mellow charm, and a range of close on 100 wines. You can also buy spirits and bottled beer, and there is an excellent sandwich service

NOCTURNE BAR, Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch, W1. AMB 1234. Popular rendezvous, ideal for laying the foundations for a romantic evening. Acceptably plush – it cost £21,000 to install about two years ago – and the service is sheer delight. Transatlantic style, naturally, for a hotel with a big American tourist turnover

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 11 AUGUST

Film: Gala invitation première of *Torn Curtain,* with Paul Newman and Julie Andrews. This is Alfred Hitchcock's 50th film, about the defection of an American scientist to East Germany. Odeon, Leicester Square.

MONDAY 15 AUGUST

Jazz and Poetry: "Of Eros and Dust" – a programme of Jazz and Poetry devised by Benny Green and David William. Cast includes Patrick Wymark, Eileen Atkins, Annie Ross and Johnny Dankworth and orchestra. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park (nightly at 8 pm for two weeks).

THURSDAY 18 AUGUST

Cricket: Final Test match: England v West Indies. The Oval (till 23rd).

FRIDAY 19 AUGUST

Exhibition: Memorial exhibition of work of American sculptor David Smith (till 25 Sept). Tate.

SATURDAY 20 AUGUST

Athletics: British Games and International Meeting. White City.

SUNDAY 21 AUGUST

Festival: Edinburgh International Festival (till 10 Sept).

MONDAY 22 AUGUST

Exhibition: International Radio, TV and Home Entertainments Exhibition. Earls Court (till 30th).

SATURDAY 27 AUGUST

Fair: Bank Holiday fair at Hampstead Heath (and 29th).

SUNDAY 28 AUGUST

Cricket: Charity cricket match. Grand Prix drivers (including Graham Hill, Jackie Stewart, Jim Clark, John Surtees and Jack Brabham) v Lord Brabourne's XI. Stirling Moss and Colin Chapman to umpire. Mersham Hatch cricket ground, near Ashford, Kent. 2 pm.

MONDAY 29 AUGUST

Golf: Carling professional world golf championships. Royal Birkdale, Southport, Lancs. (till 3 Sept).

MONDAY 5 SEPTEMBER

Ballet: Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, Covent Garden (till 1 October).
Show: Farnborough Air Show (till 11th).

WEDNESDAY 7 SEPTEMBER

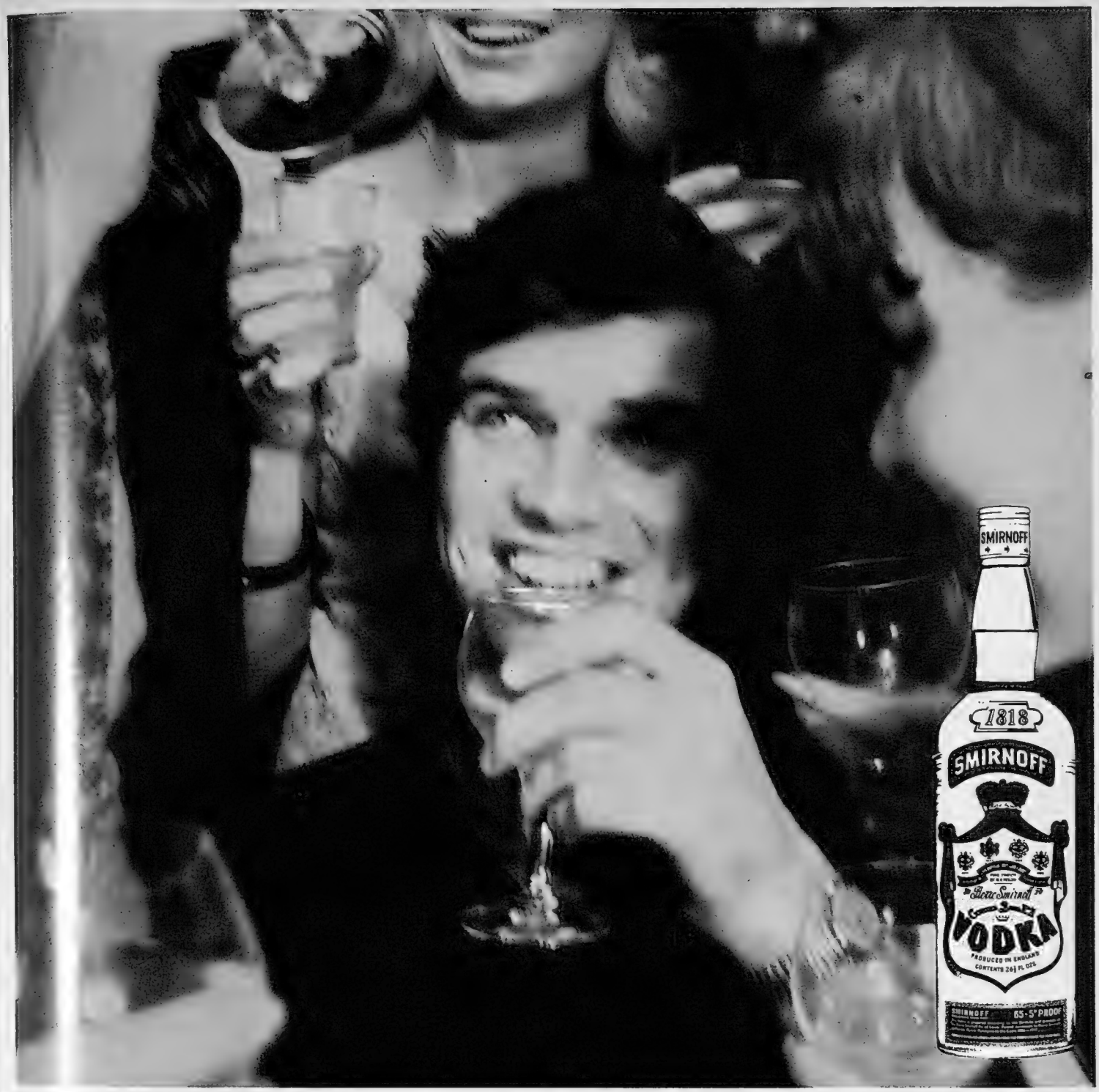
Racing: St Leger, Doncaster.

FRIDAY 9 SEPTEMBER

Spectacle: "Setting the Thames on Fire" – pageant with illuminations, fireworks, massed bands, etc., to mark tercentenary of Great Fire of London and centenary of the London Fire Brigade.
Exhibition: International Handicrafts and Do-it-Yourself Exhibition. Olympia (to 24th).

SATURDAY 17 SEPTEMBER

Concert: Last concert of '66 Proms. Albert Hall.



Devil-may-care Peter Gill makes the scene with a Smirnoff and lime

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Winner of the Bunny contest was Miss M Hart, 24, Royal Ave, SW3. Winning line (What the bunny was saying to Billy Graham): "God knows what you're doing here!"

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WHAT'S ON—A special pull-out guide for visitors

. . . and the name of next week's cover gi painted by Annigoni is Barrie Bryan. Who is she? Why did Annigoni choose her? Th Master, in London recently for a one-ma exhibition, was interviewed in the studio where he lives and works over here. Read all about his new plans in

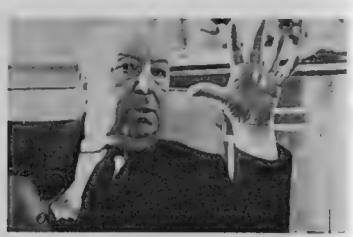
london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

Big Brother is watching you . . . even in Harrods they now have closed-circuit television to guard against shoplifting. How prevalent is this crime in London's g stores? Who are the people involved? Are they just kleptomaniacs or housewi with too much time on their hands, or ar they well-organised gangs who swoop on ie stores six or even ten strong? Read all about it in

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK



This is Alfred Hitchcock, the master c suspense. Now he turns master of the ba et in his 50th film *Torn Curtain*. The fire ar colour of his spectacular ballet scenes – fr m Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* – are in

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

People, it seems, wear the oddest things in bed. Photographer Vic Singh, for instance, wears a furry jacket. Actor Anthony Booth prefers a football jersey. A well-known photographer has pictured some of the more interesting people in London in their night-attire, exclusively for

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

And, of course, there's the usual comprehensive guide to London's entertainment and culture, good eating and drinking, where to go and what to see. Next week and every week you get the big names, the big events, the big ideas in

london life

DAY OUT

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1. A Century and a Half of Journalism in Argentina. Until 18 Aug: M-F 1.0-5.30 pm. Sat: 1.0-4.30

BATTERSEA PARK. Sculpture in the open air. Mainly recent works by British sculptors including Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, Kenneth Armitage, Anthony Caro, etc. Admission 2s 6d, students and children 1s 6d. Until end of Sept: 10-dusk

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, American studio pottery. Exhibition of contemporary work showing the many contrasting and significant developments of recent years, particularly in the concept of function and use. Until 18 Sept: M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2,30-6

MARINE ENGINEERING GALLERY. Newly arranged exhibits now include marine engines, from 1788 to the first gas turbine of 1947. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

LECTURES

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 9441). Th 4 Aug: caves. 3.0
F 5 Aug: British minerals. 3.0
T 9 Aug: colour and form in rocks and minerals. 3.0
W 10 Aug: the stones of Stonehenge. 3.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 4 Aug: costume, Madeleine Ginsburg. 1.15
F 5 Aug: themes in ornament – plant forms, Elizabeth Murdoch. 1.15
Sat 6 Aug: five masterpieces in the paintings collections, Suzanne Lodge. 3.0. German porcelain, John Cushion. 3.0
T 9 Aug: Donatello, Derek Shrub. 3.0
W 10 Aug: Renaissance – Italy, Derek Shrub. 3.0

LONDON AT LUNCH

THURSDAY 4 AUGUST
Discothèque. Snacks available, admission 1s. Tiles, 79 Oxford Street. 12.0. (Also Fri, Mon)
Play: *The Dumb Waiter* by Pinter. Quipu, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2. Snacks available. Admission 5s. 12.15 & 1.15. (Also Fri)
Play: *The Bear* by Chekov. Theatrescope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 5s with snacks. Baby-sitting 1s 6d. 12.15 & 1.15. (Also Fri)
Band of the Green Howards. Lincoln's Inn Fields. 12.30

MONDAY 8 AUGUST
Plays: *The Sparrows* and *The Cuckoo* by Sean Vincent and *The Open Door* by Claude Duneton. Quipu, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street. Snacks available, admission 5s. 12.15 & 1.15. (Also T & W)
Play: *Hello Out There.* Theatrescope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 5s with snacks, baby-sitting 1s 6d. 12.15 & 1.15. (Also T & W)

TUESDAY 9 AUGUST
Royal Air Force Central Band. Paternoster Square, St Paul's Cathedral. 12.0
Dialogue between Constance Shacklock, opera singer, and the Rector. St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5

WEDNESDAY 10 AUGUST
Metropolitan Police Band. Finsbury Circus Gardens. 12.0

SPORT

FLAT RACING
Newmarket. Fri, Sat. (Trains from Liverpool Street to Newmarket. Buses from station to course. By road via Baldock or A11 via Bishop's Stortford.) Britain's racing centre, where over 2,000 horses are trained
Folkestone. Mon. (Trains from Charing Cross or Victoria to Westtenhanger. By road A20.)
Alexandra Park. Tues evening. (Piccadilly Line to Finsbury Park, then bus 212.)

CRICKET
Middlesex v Surrey. Lord's, St John's Wood. Sat, Mon, Tues. 11.30 am each day. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood.)
Gillette Cricket Cup semi-final. Wed. Lord's, St John's Wood. 11 am

WOMEN'S CRICKET
England v New Zealand. Sat, Mon, Tues. The Oval. 11.30 am each day. Final test. (Northern Line to Oval)

GREYHOUND RACING
White City. Sat, Thurs. 7.45 pm. (Central Line to White City.) Good restaurant. Tel. SHE 5544
Wembley. Mon, Fri. 7.45 pm. (Bakerloo or Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park)

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THURSDAY 4 AUGUST
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Hansel & Gretel (Argyle Theatre Co): Agnes Riley Garden, 11.0; The Slade Garden, 3.0
Hogarth Puppets: Hurlingham Park, 2.30; Hammersmith Park, 4.30; Holland Park, 7.0
Pied Piper of Hamelin (Argyle Theatre Co): Battersea Park Concert Pavilion, 2.15 & 4.15 (also Fri, Sat)

FRIDAY 5 AUGUST
Punch and Judy: Allen Gardens, 11.0; King George's Field (Stepney), 3.0
Punch and the Dragon (Pied Piper Players): Clissold Park, 11.0; Springfield Park, 3.0
Hansel and Gretel: Hackney Marsh, 11.0; Millfields, 3.0

SATURDAY 6 AUGUST
Punch and the Dragon: Leathermarket Garden, 11.0; Southwark Park, 3.0
Punch and Judy: Wyck Gardens, 11.0; Windmill Gardens, 3.0
Briar Rose – the story of the sleeping beauty. Little Angel Theatre Club, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). 3.0 & 5.0

MONDAY 8 AUGUST
Mr Squirrel meets the Highwayman (Pex Puppets): Bethnal Green Gardens, 11.0; Shandy Park, 3.0; Millwall Park, 7.0
Merry Go Round (British Dance-Drama Theatre): Battersea Park Concert Pavilion, 2.15 & 4.15 (also Tues and Wed)

TUESDAY 9 AUGUST
Mr Squirrel meets the Highwayman: Grove Hall Park, 11.0; Brickfield Gardens, 3.0; Royal Victoria Gardens, 7.0
Punch and Judy: Emslie Horniman Pleasance, 11.0; Wormwood Scrubs, 3.0

WEDNESDAY 10 AUGUST
Mobile Children's Zoo: Ravenscourt Park (cont until Sun)

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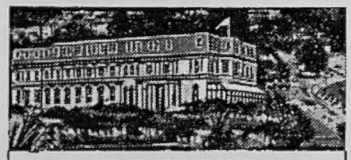

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London Letters

World Cup blues

I am writing just before I set off for a tour in the South of France, Spain and Majorca. Frankly I would rather stay at home. I've never really liked football but this World Cup series has had me glued to the television, and I shall

be sorry to miss the final, especially as I managed to get a ticket (at a cost). And then I go abroad, I really miss London with its fabulous night life and good restaurants.

Tom Jones,
Motcomb Street, SW1

Desperate

I was at the Tate Gallery last weekend and was desperate to make an urgent telephone call. On asking where the public telephone was in the gallery I was told that they were very sorry but it was out of order. It was suggested that I should try the inquiry office where the telephone was apparently more accessible. At the inquiry office I was told: "Sorry, you cannot use the phone because it belongs to the Government." Incredible, and more to come. "Try the canteen," I was told. I tried and it was an internal phone. After a strong coffee, I fled home on an 88 bus.

Jane Still,
Cadogan Gardens,
London, N3

Sentiment in theatre

I was amused to read the other day that there is little place for sentiment these days in the theatre. Frankly, now that the kitchen-sink vogue has gone, I feel that there is more demand for sentimental music than ever before. You only have to look at the current success of *Robert and Elizabeth* and *The Sound of Music* to see proof. At the moment I am working on *You're Young*, a new version of *Smilin' Through*. I admit that is unashamed sentiment, but pre-London tour audiences have proved that this is what they want.

John Hanson,
Walton on Thames, Surrey

Toll on motorists?

Why cannot Britain adopt the same ideas as the Continental countries in order to build up the road fund to pay for the building and repairing of new roads? A toll charge of not more than 2s would contribute towards the upkeep of British roads, and new, much needed motorways. We feel sure that the motorist would not object to paying such a small fee.

Mike and Bernie Winters,
Floral Hall, Scarborough

Contrary?

The ever-diminishing minihem raises the thought that the ultimate will be – a belt. I have therefore decided to order a day-dress touching the ground.

Alma Cogan,
High Street,
Kensington, W8

London likes

I saw the portrait of the beautiful girl on the cover of your last issue, and the two covers before that of beautiful English women. I ask you now for the real London life. Is it possible in your future issues and on your covers to contain some of the things that always attract me about London life – the beautiful dawns, and sunsets, the faces of the beautiful old women and men, or the strange expressions on the faces of the people at dusk.

Fernando Morales,
Beaufort Gardens,
London, SW3

LSD

May I congratulate *London Life* for the article on LSD which has given rise to a storm of publicity about the use and distribution of the drug in England.

Would it not be possible to print a number of interviews and pictures illustrating the grim aftermath of addiction of LSD? I feel too much attention is being paid to the sensations experienced by taking the drug, and to its availability.

Col J W C Havershaw,
Wiltshire

Flat problems

London is a flurry of girls in the summer. They scan the heavy dailies, are continually pestered by their mothers who ask, "Where will you live?" To be "with it" they must have a flat in the "right" areas. Ten years ago one would probably spend the first six months or a year in a rather depressing bed-sitting room. Today it is relatively easy to find, through a number of organisations, the right flat and the right person.

John Glover Whylie,
Piccadilly

Far-away places

Why cannot airfields be nearer towns? As one who flies from town to town all over the country, I always find that when I land, it takes me hours to get into the town. The worst I know is London Airport. From there, it takes me longer to reach the West End than to fly from Cardiff to London.

Stan Stennett,
Cardiff

Sausage fraternity

I enjoy sausages, but I must admit that their quality seems to have deteriorated of late. They seem to be made of gristle and no meat. How I long for those big, real juicy sausages. As for those monstrosities that are sold as hot dogs, they are an insult to the sausage fraternity.

Mike Yarwood,
Pavilion Theatre,
Bournemouth

Not Peter Cook

The name Alvaro may be "whispered from the studios of show-biz to the courts of royalty" – but not by me. I have never been there.

Peter Cook,
Hampstead, NW3

AT LAST THE PUBLIC CAN READ 'UNDER THE HILL'

Slowly it wheels around – one by one the great figures of the past are picked upon, dissected, discussed, criticised, anatomised, then dropped in favour of another. At the moment it is Aubrey Beardsley.

Most people had some vague idea about the beautiful, decadent young man, bound up with the *fin de siècle* outburst of elegant pornography. He died young (which was convenient of him) – when he was 25 and left behind a wealth of paintings and drawings, decorative, unnerving and showing what in today's terms might be called a kinky outlook on life. His illustrations for Wilde's *Salome* and for *Lysistrata* caused horror and disgust among all but the dedicated followers of fashion.

Now a further aspect of his imagination is, for the first time, put before the public. This week sees the publication of his book *Under the Hill*, a series of chapters recounting the various collisions of Tannhauser and Venus (bearing this in mind the actual title becomes a lovely innuendo).

Those seeking a quick slice of titillating prose will not be disappointed; but those who hope to find a re-creation in prose of Beardsley's drawings will be. The style, though delicate and witty, lapses often into a bathos and tweeness that Beardsley would never allow with his pencil. The manuscript was incomplete when he died in 1898 and sections were published from time to time to a mixed reception. This is the first time it has been published in its entirety in this country.

The original manuscript accounts for about half of the book. The rest has been recreated by the Canadian poet John Glassco, who followed the story line laid down by Beardsley and who attempted to evoke the same style.

Under the Hill is published by the New English Library as part of the Olympia Press Traveller's Companion series at 12s 6d, in a rather discreet moss-green, plain cover.

Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire, 52 issues £6 10s; 26 issues £3 5s. USA, 52 issues $18.00 (£6 10s). Canada and elsewhere abroad, £6 10s. Please send orders for subscriptions, and notices of change of address, to Subscription Dept., 258 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1 (TER 3311). London Life, incorporating The Tatler, is printed by Gale & Polden Ltd., 28 Craven Street, London, WC2, at the Wellington Press, Aldershot, Hants. London Life is published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Elm

saw it in a flash... shook her by the wrist... aid: What's this?

He'd spotted my fabulous Fixo-Flex watch bracelet, bless him. (Ouch! You're hurting me). Became quite jealous. (Oh, John, you are strong). The sweet little man at the shop said they were amazingly robust and flexible... but this is ridiculous! (Put me down). Took simply ages to choose—there was such a super selection. They're so distinctive, too. What a good job they make a range for men, as well. I'll just have to buy John one after this!

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P.S. You don't have to wrestle to prove the superior qualities of a Fixo-Flex watch bracelet... your nearest jeweller or watchmaker will explain it all quite calmly. Cost? Surprisingly moderate.

TIO PEPE

SHERRY

WHY ONLY FIVE?

Is there a greater variety? Yes, but these are the main types. Left to Right FINO AMONTILLADO–OLOROSO–CREAM–BROWN–Generally, sherry becomes sweeter with colour.

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